The Bucks County Gazette.

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A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I.
Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

II.
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

III.
Eliot's Oak.

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

IV.
The Descent of the Muses.

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights.
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
To teach in schools of little country towns
Science and songs, and all the arts that please;
So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

V.
Venice.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden pistils with their seeds,
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest!
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

POLLY PHARAOH.

Dick Vose was a Jayhawker. The Kansas troops had accepted the appellation good-naturedly, though it had been originally given them by the Missourians as an intimation that they were only robbers of poultry yards. It was the year 1862, and the White River, in Arkansas, was the scene of constant sharp-shooting and skirmishes, resulting invariably in greater loss upon the Union than on the rebel side. Disheartened by continual defeat, the Jayhawkers had almost decided to beat a retreat through Missouri into Kansas, when a rumor was brought them by runaway slaves that the Mississippi had been cleared by Union gunboats. Dick Vose, who had a special talent for a scout's duty, was sent out to ascertain the truth of the report. He tramped sturdily through dense thickets, now and then making a detour around a swamp or a deserted farm-house, which might be the lurking place of "Bush-whackers," as the Kansans and negroes denominated the Confederate guerrilla troops. After two days' solitary march, he found himself before a rude landing on the banks of the great river. On the opposite side was another of the same character, which seemed to indicate that there had been a ferry here in time past. There was also a group of buildings on the further side that appeared to be warehouses, and a little retired from them, a fine old plantation. On the Arkansas shore stood a forlorn negro cabin, formed of "slabs," or unplaned planks.

A venerable darky with a frosty poll, who was lolling luxuriously on the sunny side of his domicile, rose with some difficulty and ambled briskly toward him.

"Bless de Lord! ye done come at last, has ye? Barm-ob-Gilead said he done heard tell de Jayhawkers was on the de road, but we's been so tuk up watchin' de ribber dat we nebber kep' no look-out toward de bresh."

As the old man spoke, a crowd of small contrabands swarm around him like cock-roaches, to take a look at the stranger. Dick explained that he was very hungry, and asked if he could obtain dinner.

Sartin, sartin," said the old negro, leading the way into his poor house with great alacrity. "Heah, you, Lily-ob-de-Valley, take dis yeah skillet an' fotch some water; Rose-ob-Charon, reach down dat ar piece ob side meat; you, Barm-ob-Gilead, light out into de timber an' fotch some bresch; you, Polly Pharaoh—" But he did not finish his sentence; for Polly Pharaoh, an overgrown thin girl, with short skirts, long heels, and a cavernous pink sunbonnet, which she wore at all times, even when in the house, had anticipated all his orders, and was already stirring up the corn-dodger.

While the preparations for dinner went on, Dick entered into conversation with his host. He had been the slave of Colonel St. Etienne, who owned the great cotton plantation opposite. He said that the colonel had fled on hearing of the approach of Farragut, carrying with him all that he could in the ferry-boat, and leaving word that he should come again for the cotton with which the warehouses were stored; and then in his rude dialect he gave the following explanation of the quaint names of his numerous family.

"De colonel he de son of ole miss, and ole miss she was sho enough French, and mighty curus and pernickety; done druv round de colonel so long as she done lived. Young miss, de colonel's wife, couldn't abide her nohow, and 'pears like dey done guv each odder all de trouble dey could. But madame, dat ar's ole miss, she owned de plantation, an' she hab her own way mos' frequent. Fus thing she done was to name all de niggahs ober again 'cordin' to dar sarbice and some fool heathin book ob hern. I was engineer den on de colonel's ferry-boat, de *Mud Hen*—peart little critter—and' madame she come down to de landin' an' see me at my post, an' my oldest son a stuffin' de furnance, an' what did she do but gib me Charon for a name, and call my boy Pluto. I didn't say nuffin to her den, for I knowed she was mighty easily outed, but I says to de colonel next day, says I, 'Colonel, can't stand dat ar name no way whatsomebber; I's a elder in de Baptist church, I is, an' I's sot on havin' Bible names for me an' all my children.' 'But Charon's so 'propriate,' says de colonel, 'an' I mean to hab you an' one or two odder boys do nuffin but run de *Mud Hen*. Pluto's a likely boy, an' I mean to hab him taught pilotin' on de *Genevieve*.' De *Genevieve* war de colonel's cotton barge, what he used to float de cotton on down to New Orleans. 'Well, colonel,' says I, 'if you want a name what's 'propriate to his profession, jes call my boy Pontius Pilate, an' let me keep my name; I's sure Ferry-oh's a good enough one if I's to run de ferry, an', as I said before, I's done sot on me an' my boy being' named arter some one ob de forty 'postles.' De colonel he jes laughed—nice easy man, de colonel—an' says he, 'All right, Uncle Pharaoh, but you mus' let madame call you Charon.' ''Pears like, colonel,' says I, 'dat ar name's more fittin' for a gal, an' if it's all de same to you, Sah, I'll jes jine it on to my darter Rose, Rose-ob-Charon, an' dat ar makes a Bible name arter all.' Arter dat I named my second son Barm-ob-Gilead, an' my youngest darter, dat little shiny black one dar, Lily-ob-de-Valley; but ole miss she hab her way about ebery odder niggah on de plantation, Dar was Dianny, and Venus—dat war my ole woman; an' de baker gal was Ceres—nebber see why she guv her dat name nohow, for a more onserious pusson you never sot eyes on. Orifus he fiddled for 'em when dey had deir dancin' parties, an' 'Pollo Belvidere war de han'some yallar boy dat war de colonel's tickler valley; Phœbus war de coachman; but, lor! I don't pertend to remember all de names.

Ole miss she see Polly about a year arter dat, an' Polly she so awful ugly—she done had her har all burned off an' her face scotched—dat's why she wear her sun-bonnet all de time—an' ole miss named her Pollyphemus, an' I dussn't change it for any ting in dis yer platitudinary world. Well, dar war a heap of Pollies on de plantations neighborin' roun', an' somehow de niggahs nebber could get used to dat Phemus, an' so dey called her Uncle Pharaoh's Polly, an' fin'ly jes Polly Pharaoh."

During this recital Rose-ob-Charon, Lilly-ob-de-Valley, and Barm-ob-Gilead had all clustered about their father, making occasional personal remarks in regard to the stranger. Polly Pharoah, who had gone quietly about the work of getting dinner, now from the depths of her pink calico tunnel announced it ready. While eating, Dick obtained the news he wished; a part of Farragut's fleet had gone up the river, and a part were stationed at Napoleon, further down, upon the Arkansas side. Polly Pharoah served him deftly, silently. Many times he tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but it was only a swift vision of darkness, in which two piercingly bright pupils twinkled in the midst of broad moon-like settings. The eyes interested him, and he asked:

"How did your daughter become so badly burned?"

"Dat ar's a long story," said old Pharoah. "You see Pontius Pilate went away an' larned pilotin', den he piloted de *Mud Hen* for a while; an' Polly Pharoah, she didn't hab nuffin to do, an' she used to set up in de pilot-house wid him. Well, fin'ly de colonel changed him on to de *Genevieve* to take de cotton down to New Orleans, an' you nebber see a gall so lonesome an' onsettled as Polly Pharoah while he was gone. Next trip what did she do but hide 'mongst de cotton bales an' go off wid him. When dey was half way down de ribber do boat took fiah, an' Pontius Pilate, when he see flames a-blowin' right fur de pilot-house (he always was an onery kind ob niggah; sort ob yallerish, like his marm), didn't wait to steer de boat up to sho', but jes jumped plump into de river an' swam for true. Den Polly she jes grabbed de wheel an' held de nozzle ob de boat 'gin de sho', wid de fire a-flarin' an' a-sparkin' in her face, till ebery soul war off; den she clumb down de side ob de boat an' dropped into de water, an' some of de roustabouts done fished her out.

"That was a very heroic deed, little Polly," said Dick; "and Pontius Pilate ran away, I suppose?"

"No, Sah; dat mis'able fool niggah done come a-winin' home, an' I took him by de cab an' toted him up to de house, an' says I to de colonel, 'Ef you don't make a zample of him, I will.' But de colonel he so mighty easy, he nebber did nuffin but hab de oberseer bran' a P into his forehead, said it meant Poltroon; an' dat ar meant coward, an' stood for his name same time. Not long arter dat Pontius Pilate done stole a lot ob whiskey (he always drunk de 'lowance de colonel guv us for de whole fam'ly), but dis time he done fill himself chock ful, an' he hab de 'lirium trimms awful. When he got well he says to me, 'Clar to goodness, farder, bleve de debbil did want dis chile sho enough.' 'Shouldn't be sprized,' says I; 'de Lord he knows his own, an' 'pears like de debbil ought to know his'n.' 'Maybe de Lord done let me off dis time to guv me one more chance fur repentence, says he. 'Dunno about dat,' says I; 'I don't bleve de Lord's got any use for no sech mis'able, cowardly sneak as you be.' But at de nex' camp-meetin' dar he was for sho, on de mourners' bench, a-shoutin' for mercy, an' befo' de meetin' let out he 'clared he'd got religion. When de time came for de baptism, me an' Farder Socrates was sot apart for de work, an' says I, 'Brudder Socrates, you take de women-folks and I'll tend to de men.' When I came to Pontius Pilate, I held him down under de water till he hollowed for mercy.

"'Mercy! you pore, perishin' sinner,' says I. 'You didn't hab no mercy on dose pore, perishin' sinners on board de *Genevieve*; it was all de same to you ef de flames did wrap 'em round, and deir souls go down to ebberlastin' burnin' so you could light out into de ribber and swim like a craw-fish for him hole. You wanted de ribber; well, you shall hab nuff of it. No, you needn't blow an' snort; time nuff for dat when you gets wear de good book says dar shall be snortin' an' smashing of teef. Dar won't be no ribber to light out into dat day; dar ain't no desertin' out of Satan's steamboat. You done thought dem flames mighty powerful, but bime-by de boat done settled down into de ribber an' put de fire out; but de furnaces on Satan's steamboat done heated seventy-seben times hotter, an' de good book says deir fiah am not squenched. No, you needn't flounder an' kick 'roun' an' try to upset your old farder. I's baptised a heap ob flounderin', chokin' women in my day, an' I reckon I can hold on to you. In dat ar dreadful day you'll wish you could cool yourself off in de b'iler ob de *Genevieve*, an' pray de Lord to send de angel Goliah to blow a 'freshin' breff on to you from one ob her steam 'scape-valves. No, you Pontius Pilate, it'll take more water den dar is in dis yeah ribber to clean dat brack niggah heart ob yourn, but I'll do de best I can to scour it up for you, sinnah. Swallow all de mud you want to; nuffin make a brass kettle shine like ribber sand. In dat dreadful day—' But jes at dat point in my ex'ortin' his shirt split clean down his back, an' I done lost my grip on him an' flopped over in de water, with nuffin in my han's but a pair ob gallases.

"Well, 'twasn't to be spected dat dat chile should eber come to no good. He back-slided out ob Zion's ship same way he did out ob *Genevieve*, an' we neber see him no mo' on de mourners' bench. De colonel heard about it, an' 'lowed he done got punished enough, an' sot him to work on board de *Mud Hen*; an' he done stuck by de colonel fru thick and thin. When mos' all de odder nigs pulled foot an' lef' him, Pontius Pilate wouldn't do no seck ting; and' when de colonel up stakes an' lef' de land behind, in de *Mud Hen*, Pontius Pilate an' my ole woman, Marm Venus, done went too. Dem two fool niggahs nebber did hab no sense nohow."

The supper finished, while the shadows began to fill the cabin, the negroes cowered around the fire in the mud chimney, and led by tho cracked voice of their father, began a strange monotonous chant. The verses, without rhyme or rhythm, will give little idea of the effect of that chant among the gathering shadows, by other shadows seemingly as unreal and dusky as they.

"Did you ebber hear de hammers ring?"

shrilled the old man, repeating the question three times, until Dick's expectation was wrought up to a high pitch, when he added, in a low, wailing tone,

"As dey nailed our Sabeyer down?—
Children, dey nailed our Sabeyer down."

Then all the others took up the refrain:

"He died for you an' He died for me,
An' He died for us all on Calvary,
He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, He died for de whole roun' worl'—

Then again the father chanted three times,

"As I was a-goin' along one day,"

completing the stanza with,

"I met King Jesus on de way."

And again the whole choir joined in:

"An' what do you reckon he said to me,
But 'Your sins are forgiven an' your soul sot free?'
For He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, He died for de whole roun' worl'."

Then, with a voice full of tears and longing, Father Pharoah continued:

"My sister's gone to hebben, an' I want to go too,
My sister's gone to hebben, an' I want to go too,
My sister's gone to hebben, *an' I want to go too,*
For to try on de long white robes—
Chilleren, for to try on de long white robes."

And as if reminding him of his duty as a spiritual shepherd, the children replied:

"Didn't you promise de Lord to take care ob de lamb,
An' bring 'em at de welcome day to His hands,
Who died for de whole roun' worl'—
Brudder, who died for de whole roun' worl'?"

Then all, joining hands and rocking backward and forward in a sort of ecstasy, sang:

"Den hold out, pilot, leetle longer,
Den hold out, pilot, leetle longer,
Den hold out, pilot, *leetle* longer,
Nor let go your grab ob de wheel—
Brudder, nor let go your grab ob de wheel—
Till you hear dem hebben bells a-ringin',
An' de white-robed angels all a-singin'
How He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, how He died for de whole roun' worl'."

Then they showed Dick to a rude loft, but when he fell asleep they were still singing. They seemed to be indulging in a sort of walk-around, and the cabin trembled as they roared in unison,

"I do believe widout a doubt,
De Christian hab a right to shout."

Their songs blended in a confused way with his dreams, which soon became incoherent, and he fancied himself on board a steamer, which puffed and splashed in time to the songs, and then he lost all consciousness. By-and-by he became dimly aware of a scratching and shuffling on the roof of the shed which sloped beneath his window: then a black claw slipped through a broken pane, took away the nail which held the sash, and raised it; then there was a flutter of calico, and a voice said:

"Massa Jaybawk, for the lub of Heaven, you'd better be leabin' dese yeah parts pretty libely! Quick, Massa—follow dis chile quick!"

He seized his clothes and sprang out of the window after her, just as the crouching form rolled from the room with the stifled cry:

"Back, massa, back! Polly Pharoah tried to sabe you—'deed she did."

The next instant he was rudely pulled from the roof, and he found himself the centre of a group of armed men. A small steamboat lay moored at the landing, and the group stood under the blazing light of a tar-barrel torch. It was Colonel St. Etienne, who, re-inforced by a band of Bushwackers, had come down the White River after his cotton. The men were for giving Dick short shrift; but the colonel thought they might obtain important information from him, and, tightly bound, he was laid on the lower deck of the boat, which was now steered across the river, and the men commenced loading the cotton bales. Soon they formed a wall about the boat, till nothing but the pilot-house and smoke-stacks towered above them, and but one entrance was left in front to the engines and to the stairs leading above.

At this entrance Dick lay under the surveillance of the engineer—a powerful mulatto with a deep scar in his forehead, and whom the colonel addressed as Plato. The work of loading completed, the colonel invited the squad of white men to go with him to his house and hunt for some fine old Jamaica rum stored in the cellar. He gave the negroes orders not to go far from the boat, and to be ready, as soon as they heard the pilot bell, to spring to their work. From this Dick understood that the colonel would guide the boat himself. He was hardly out of sight when the negroes scattered in different directions, or rolled themselves up to sleep. Pontius Pilate was the last to leave the boat, stooping down and carefully examining Dick's fastenings before doing so, and even adding a coil of rope, so that there was no chance of escape. A few moments later there was a slight noise behind him, and a lank form, surmounted by a limp bonnet, emerged from the cotton and glided up the stairs. "Polly Pharaoh," he cried, "help me to untie these knots." But there was no answer.

A few minutes passed, and the pilot-bell rang out the signal, and the negroes came scuffling on board, and yet Dick had not seen the colonel or any of his band return, and he doubted if, in the depths of the cellars, they could have heard the bell. Pontius Pilate took his stand by the engines, crammed the furnace with wood, and added several pieces of side-meat from a pile of bacon which had been placed beside him. Another ting, ting of the bell, and the boat shoved off, turned around, and floated down the river. Morning dawned as it reached the mouth of the White. The men evidently expected that she would turn into it, but, instead, she kept her course, with ever-accelerating speed, straight in the middle of the current. "De colonel done los' his senses, or else him powerful drunk," grunted Pontius Pilate. "Heah, you, 'Pollo Belvidere, jes run up sta'rs an' ax him if dar ain't some mistake about dis yeah." Apollo obeyed, and returned to say that the cabin door was locked, and he "done couldn't make nobody heah; spects dey's playin' faro an' drinkin' deyselves drunk."

On shot the boat; and now the town of Napoleon and a fleet of gun-boats, with the Union flag streaming above them, appeared in view. "Bu'st open de cabin do'?" shouted Pontius Pilate. "Tote out de colonel. I can swim straight as a sand-hill crane can fly, and I'll tow him ober to de odder side ob de ribber. Too late to sabe de boat. De Yanks see her now, an' dey'll be arter her like a flock ob turkey-buzzards in less'n a minute."

Buck tumbled the negroes. "Nobody up sta'rs nowhar. Spects de ghosts done steered us down heah or de debbil his own self. De Yanks is bound to get de colonel's cotton anyhow."

"No, dey don't!" yelled Pontius Pilate, and opening the furnace doors he raked out their contents, scattering the fire on the pile of bacon, and flinging the lighted pieces about the inflammable cotton. A magnificent fire-god of the under-world, he justified his name of Plato. Without a word the other negroes sprang into the water. Pontius Pilate, cutting some of the ropes which bound Dick, and saying, as he did so, "Pull foot, Yank; de ole boat'll blaze up like corn shucks, an' I don't want to send nobody down to Satan's steamboat," leaped after them.

"Polly! Polly Pharaoh!" shrieked Dick; but the flames roared up the staircase as though it were a chimney. It would have been impossible for mortal being to have come down, even could his cry have been heard; and almost too late—for the fire had caught his own clothes—he left the doomed boat.

The Union soldiers who rescued him said that as the boat rounded the point and came in sight of the town a signal was displayed from the pilot-house—a small, reddish flag. "There it is now," they said, pointing to the sunken boat. From the slender flag-staff on its charred summit floated an oddly-shaped pink calico pennon; it flapped hard with the wind, tugged at the string which bound it to the staff, broke it, and fluttered away into the river.

And where was Polly Pharaoh? The wild chant of last night came to Dick's mind. She had not let go her "grab ob de wheel." Had she indeed heard "dem hebben bells a-ringin'?" The grand pathetic eyes would never look up at him again from the depths of the pink calico sun-bonnet; no need of it now to hide the scars of heroism. "The long white robes," she had longed to wear would match with a soul as white, purified twice through fire. Thinking thus, he strolled down the levee that afternoon to take one more look at the wreck. Two little boys, true wharf rats, were fishing from a rough landing which projected into the water. One of them, with a long stick, had just caught at a faded, scorched rag; as he lifted it from the water it showed its shape—a sun bonnet. Dick had no money, but he drew out his silver watch, and would have offered it for this souvenir. He was anticipated; a small black hand gave the young fisherman, a well-directed cuff, and seizing the trophy, with the exclamation, "You let dar ar bunnet alone, it's mine!" clapped it upon her head before any of the astonished group had time to think what had happened. Then Dick looked down into the great calm eyes looking up at him.

"I slumped off de back ob de boat soon as ebber I got her in sight ob Napoleon. 'Lowed dere'd be libely times on board. Didn't reckon I liked bein' burned well enough to stay an' cotch it again, did you?"

It was Polly Pharaoh!

WHAT WIVES DO.—"A man," says Rousseau, "is only what a woman makes him." This remark may be exaggerated, but that it contains enough of truth to give it vitality, is tested by the biographies of great men. The wife of the late Dr. Buckland, the geologist, used to write from his dictation for hours at a time. She furnished many of the drawings with which his works are illustrated, and skillfully and dexterously mended many of the fossils. "For forty years," wrote Carlyle on the tombstone of his wife, "she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband; and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all things worthy that he ever did or attempted." The author of the "Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood, thus wrote of his wife; "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happies and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence from my pen." A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* thus describes the aid given to her husband by the wife of the great Scotch philosopher: "The wife of Sir William Hamilton, professor of logic in the University of Edinburgh, was a true helper to her husband; indeed, it is more than probable that without her many of his best works would never have been written. When he was elected to the professorship, some of his opponents declared publicly that he would never be able to fulfill the duties of his position, as he was nothing but a dreamer. He and his wife heard of this, and they determined to prove that it was not true. They therefore arranged to work together. Sir William wrote out roughly, each day, the lecture that was to be given the next morning. As he wrote, his wife copied it out; and again and again they sat up writing till far into the night. When Sir William was struck down with paralysis, the result of overwork, Lady Hamilton devoted herself entirely to him—wrote for him, read for him, and served him in every way."

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

From the Radical Review.

THE DISCOVERER.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peels together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly in his fair young hour,
Came one who wore a flower
And laid it on his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
—With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answers well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward-bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside the severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back,
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught
Or from furthest Indies brought:
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold
Things that shall, never, never be to mortal hearers told.

GOSSIP OF HISTORY.

Gossip is a great leveller, and reduces kings very much to the level of common men. No man is a hero to the chronicler of scandal. When Lord Thurlow was told that Pitt was dead "A —— good hand at turning a period" was the only comment he made. So the inveterate *raconteur* smiles when he hears the praises of any one too enthusiastically sung; he cannot help recalling some funny little story about him. Few have the noble magnanimity of Bolingbroke, before whom the character of his political enemy Marlborough was once discussed. Some one appealed to Bolingbroke as to whether the duke had not been extremely avaricious. "He was so great a man," replied Bolingbroke, "that I have forgotten his vices." It is to be feared, nevertheless, that Marlborough's avarice cannot be denied, and it is, indeed, supported by a hundred stories. A begger once asked an alms of Lord Peterborough, and called him by mistake "My Lord Marlborough." "I am not Lord Marlborough," replied the earl, "and to prove it to you, here is a guinea."

Charity, by the way, has been the occasion of many a happy saying. Malherbe was very generous, but, one is sorry to learn, not religious. One day he gave a begger some silver, and the begger assured the poet that he would pray for him. "Pray do not trouble yourself to do that, my friend," replied Malherbe; "judging from your condition, I should hardly think you had much credit with heaven."

This was rather wicked, and reminds one of that Queen of Spain who lost her husband, and who was so grieved and so indignant against the Celestial Powers that she forbade her subjects to believe in God for six whole months, "to give Him a lesson." The author of this anecdote, however, has forgotten the name of the queen, and history has been equally forgetful. More authentic is that haughty observation of William Rufus, that "if he had duties toward God, God had also duties toward him." Happier, had it been more reverently expressed, was the thought of Alfonso the Wise of Castile, who, after drawing up his astronomical tables in accordance with the scientific theories of the day, and placing the earth in the centre of the universe, remarked that, had he been consulted, he should have placed the sun in the centre.

We are reminded just here of another slightly improper story. According to an ancient chronicler, Saint Bernard, as Abbot of Clairvaux, was exceedingly hospitable to all who claimed the shelter of the monastery. Like a kindly host, he thought, moreover, that he was bound to keep his guests in countenance; and one day, accordingly, when he had drunk, cup for cup, with some thirsty travellers, possibly German barons, the saint—one blushes to write it—behaved even as one who hath partaken of cucumbers at a public feast. His monks gently reproached their superior. "Nay, my children," quoth he, with vinous sophistry, "it is not I, but Charity, that hath eaten and drunken."

There was another Bernard, a simple priest, with no honorary prefix of canonisation to his name, who seems to have carried out in daily life the hardest rules of the Gospel. One day he called on a minister of state to demand the assistance of the government in respect of a work of charity. The minister was obdurate, but M. Bernard was not easily repulsed. He continued to urge his request, and at length succeeded in putting his excellency into a violent passion. The minister even forgot himself so far as give the priest a box on the ear. Immediately Bernard fell on his knees, turned the other cheek, and said, "Monsiegneur, give me another buffet and grant me my request." The minister, already heartily ashamed of himself, and filled with admiration for this true Christian, forthwith granted him all he asked for. Perhaps the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount are no mere figures of speech, but practical lessons of conduct dictated by a wisdom higher than that of the earth. It is said, however, that a Quaker who received a box on the ear with a request that he would put his religion into practice by turning the other cheek, replied, "Nay, friend, but it is also written that with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and then returned what he had received with interest.

A curiously base yet quick remark was that of a fencing master whom a certain Lord S. had taken into his service. Lord S. had the deplorable habit of beating his servants, and one day administered a box on the ear to the ex-fencing master. The later quietly held out his hand and said, "My lord, it is five guineas when I don't repay it."

There is a story told which redounds much to the credit of the unfortunate and almost imbecile Charles II. of Spain. When very young he was performing on foot the stations of the jubilee. A begger crossing his path, the king flung him a cross of diamonds without so much as looking at it, and without anybody at the moment perceiving what he had done. When he had entered the church, however, his courtiers noticed the absence of the cross from his breast, and cried out that their master had been robbed. The beggar, who had followed, immediately came forward, saying, "Here is the cross; 'twis his Majesty who gave it me." The king confirmed the statement, and then perceived for the first time that he had given away one of the crown jewels. But he was too much of a gentleman to take it back without giving the man an equivalent; and beside, as a Christian and a Catholic, he felt that was sacred, having been made in the very act of prayer. He, therefore, had the diamond valued, and bought it back from the medicant at its proper value, namely, twelve thousand crowns. It was royally done.

Less magnificent, but not less sincere, was the charity of Robert II. of France, the gentle, pious king, the author of that most sweet and beautiful of Latin hymns, the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." A thief one day, by a dexterous use of the knife, was cutting the gold fringe from the king's dress. "Stop, my friend, quoth Robert, "you have now half; leave the other half for some one else." It was this Robert who, in spite of his piety and docility of temper, managed early in his reign to embroil himself with the church. He had married in 995 Bertha, widow of Eudes, Count of Blois, whom he dearly loved; but there were some difficulties as to the lawfulness of the marriage. Pope Gregory V. refused a dispensation, and declared the marriage void. The king refused obedience, in consequence of which he was excommunicated; and it is related how, under this terrible sentence, his palace was deserted by all but two menials, who, after every meal, purified by fire the utensils employed at the royal table. Robert at length yielded, and put away Bertha in 998, marrying in her stead Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a beautiful shrew, who led him a dismal life. Often in bestowing charity on his beloved poor, the king would say with a smile that ill dissembled a real fear, "Mind and don't tell the queen." He went on pilgrimages to all the shrines in France, and in 1019 went to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles. The last journey he made for three reasons—first, from a feeling of devotion; secondly, to get away from Queen Constance; thirdly, (so curious is the mixture of human motives,) with the view of inducing the Pope to annul his marriage with Constance, and to sanction his reunion with his first wife, Bertha; which reveals an alarming confusion of ideas on the subject of morality in the mind of the good king.

Others beside Robert II. have acted on occasions from a curious mixture of motives. If we are to believe one who knew Byron well, Childe Harold went to fight for the Greeks not so much because he cared for Hellenic independence, but because he thought the campaign would be an excellent excuse for escaping from the Countess Guiccioli of whom he was beginning to weary. But this is ignoble gossip.

"*Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes!*" was the frank confession of Prosper Merimee, whose hatred of cant led him perhaps into the opposite extreme of cynicism and of contempt for his fellow creatures. "I felt uneasy," he remarked to a friend, "when I had to make my first speech in the senate; but I soon took courage, remembering that I was only addressing a hundred and fifty fools." It is to be regretted that Prosper Merimee did not undertake the compilation of a Thesaurus of historical gossip in which anecdotes should have been severely sifted, and each good saying traced to its genuine author. Prosper Merimee had both the taste and the accuracy of knowledge necessary for the task.

The French as a nation are terrible sinners in the matter of anecdotes. They are at once the best story-tellers in the world, and the most untrustworthy; reckless as to the value of their facts, so long as these are amusing and can be wittily arranged. Too often the race is typified by Talleyrand, ever ready to sacrifice a friend or a noble thought to a joke. Count Louis de Narbonne—the one human being, it was thought, whom Talleyrand ever really loved—was walking one day with the Prince de Benevent, and reciting some verses he had composed. A man who was passing by happened to be gaping. The opportunity was irresistible. "Hush, Narbonne," said Talleyrand; "you are always talking too loud." Talleyrand, by the way, never said a smarter thing than Carnot said of him:—"If Talleyrand despises men, it is that he has studied too much his own character." But Talleyrand was at heart a better man than his contemporaries fancied, or perhaps, than he fancied himself.

Louis XVIII. was a prince not easily managed. For one thing, his Majesty's notion of his own prerogative and of the personal deference due to him were preposterous. The proudest nobles "of the old rock" had to be careful in their demeanor. Thus the Marquis d'Avaray, Master of the Robes, presuming on his long intimacy with the king, for whom he and his had ever been ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes, ventured one day to take a pinch of snuff out of the royal box. The king said nothing, but immediately threw away the rest of the snuff in the box.

Frederick the Great behaved more prettily when one of his pages took the same liberty, and for the lad it was almost an impertinence. He had seen the page through a window in the act of taking the pinch. "Do you like that snuff-box?" he called out. The page, reddening to his ear-tips, stammered out that he thought it pretty. "Well, then, take it, my boy," said the king; "it is not large enough for us both." Indeed, notwithstanding all the hard things that have been written of Frederick, one cannot help thinking that there was a deep fund of kindness in his soured heart. One instance of his generosity we do not remember to have seen in any authentic history, and it is probably a pure invention; yet the fact that such a story should have been told of him reflects the highest honor on the king. One of his servants, who cherished a grudge against Frederick, put poison into his morning cup of chocolate. As he brought it into the king's room Frederick noticed a look of trouble and agitation in the fellow's countenances. "What is the matter with you?" he asked, looking him steadily in the face. "I believe you mean to poison me." The man threw himself at the king's feet and confessed his crime. "Get out of my sight, you scoundrel!" said Frederick, and took no further notice of the matter. Equally apocryphal is probably the affiliation of that famous saying which has been attributed to Frederick, "Women are like cutlets—the more you beat them the tenderer they become."

How many noble sentiments have been put into the mouths of kings who would not have had the wit to utter them even as after-thought! For a genuine "royal" speech, if any one cares to pursue it, let him turn to the pages of Saint-Simon. At least it has the merit of not being long. Under the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Berry was introduced to the Parliament of Paris. The first president made his highness a complimentary harangue, and it was then the prince's turn to reply. He half took off his hat by way of salute to the assembly, immediately replaced it, and looked hard at the first president. "Monsieur," he began, then gazed blankly round, and began again, "Monsieur,"—then turned appealingly round to the Duke of Orleans for help. The regent's cheeks, like those of his cousin, were as red as fire, and he was wholly unable to help the luckless prince out of his scrape. "Monsieur," now dolefully recommenced the Duke of Berry, and again stopped short. "I saw the confusion of the prince," says Saint-Simon, "I *sweated*, but there was no help for it." Again the prince looked at the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Orleans appeared to be intently studying the form of his own boots. At length the first president put an end to the painful sense with as much tact as he could well display. He took off his judge's bonnet with a low bow to the Duke of Berry, as if in acknowledgment of the prince's unspoken oration, and then opened the business of the session, to the intense relief of all present. On quitting the Parliament House the Duke of Berry paid a visit to the Duchess of Ventadour, where he was complimented on his speech by the Princess of Montauban, who knew nothing of what had happened, and ventured on what she naturally enough supposed to be a safe piece of flattery. The Duke, now wild with annoyance, hurried away as soon as he could to the Duchess of Saint-Simon's. Once alone with that great-hearted lady, and sure of sympathy, the poor fellow threw himself into an arm-chair, and burst into tears. Madame de Saint-Simon did her best to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and showed, it must be allowed, a touching sense of his own degradation. He bitterly blamed "the King" (Louis XIV.) and the Duke of Beauvilliers for the wretched education he had received. "They never thought," he bitterly exclaimed, "but to brutalize me, and to smother all that I might have been. I was a younger son, I was distancing my brother, and they crushed me; they taught me nothing but to play and to hunt, and they have succeeded in making of me a fool and a brute, utterly incapable, never to be fit for anything, always to be the laughing-stock and the scorn of mankind!" Such are the realities of history, as pitiful, as affecting, as human in their interest as its fictions.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY J. H. BURBANK.

Our Father, God enthroned above,
Thy name we hallow and adore;
Oh, may thy kingdom ruled by love
Extend, and spread from shore to shore.

Oh, may thy will be done below
As it is now performed in heaven;
Mankind would conquer many a foe,
If all our hearts to God were given.

For temporal wants and daily bread
We must to that same God apply,
Who caused Elijah to be fed;
He still can all our wants supply.

Forgive us all the ills we've done,
As we forgive, we humbly pray;
Temptation's paths help us to shun;
Deliver us from evil's way.

Our Father, by inherent right,
The kingdom and the power are thine,
And when our faith is changed to sight
The glory ever shall be thine.

There is a certain sort of guilelessness which never wears out. We were reminded of this while standing at the entrance to Barnum's circus the other day. Two women, the youngest about thirty years old, approached the door tender. The elder extended the tickets, one being red and the other green. The doorkeeper took them, looked at them, and then at the two women, and blandly observed:

"All right. Which of you two is under nine years of age?"

The two women looked at each other with an expression of sickening uncertainty.

RONDEL.

BY THEODORE MARZIALS.

When I see you my heart sings
Deep within me for deep love;
In my deep heart's dreamiest grove
Your bright image comes like spring's,
Bringing back the murmuring dove
To the wan dim watersprings.
Would my tongue could tell the things
Love seems but an echo of
When I see you!
Hope lies dying. Time's disproof
Strips love's roses to the stings;
But the bird that knows its wings
Bear it where it will aloof,
Sings not love, as my heart sings
When I see you.

THE PUNISHED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Not they who knows the awful gibbits anguish,
Not they who, while sad years go by them, in
The sunless cells of lonely prison languish,
Do suffer fullest penalty for sin.

'Tis they who walk the highways unsuspected,
Yet with grim fear forever at their side,
Who clasp the corpse of some sin undetected,
A corpse no grave or coffin lid can hide.

'Tis they who are in their own chambers haunted
By thoughts that like unwelcome guests intrude
And sit down uninvited and unwanted,
And make a nightmare of the solitude.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Spanish proverb says, "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt."

Query—If a young lady has a pain in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a sash?

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."

Old anglers say that, if you wish to catch a fine fish, you must not throw your bait directly at them. Young ladies take a hint.

A celebrated wit once said of his debts that it was neither to his interest to pay the principal nor his principle to pay the interest.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." "What a fact you must be," quote the lady.

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand in what direction he will he must necessarily turn his back on one half the world.

A fashion writer says that the only difference to be observed between the toilets for little girls and big ones, is in the length of the garments.

Robert Browning, it is rumored, means to make a translation of the "Agamemnon," with photographic illustrations of the Mykenæ relics.

A lady of rank complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied—"But, then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

Some people have peculiar constitutions. Mark Twain once complained, after a long interval of idleness, "This working between meals is killing me!"

The first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasures. To get whatever it craves as soon as it asks for it is the worst training a child can have.

Asked if he did not think a certain friend followed his conscience, an eminent and witty prelate replied, "Yes; I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't mate him?"

Doctor (who had been out for a day's sport)—"It is too bad! Here I've been out all day and not killed a single hare!" Forester—"Prescribe something for the hare, doctor; that will fetch him sure!"

A distinguished Christian writer says, "By no possible means can prayer be made to do the duty of soap and water, of appropriate food, of sufficient rest." The world's people found this out long ago.

Talleyrand once complained that the English had thirty-nine religions and only one sauce, evoked the retort from a witty Englishman, "And the French have thirty-nine sauces and no religion."

Books are the best companions: they instruct us in silence, without any display of superiority, and they attend the pace of each man's capacity, without reproaching him for his want of comprehension.

At a friendly gathering at Holland House the conversation turned on love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

When you hear a mother calling to her son, to come here and shut the shutter," and hear him respond, "it is shut, mother, and I can't shut it any shutter," do you ever pause to analyze the delicate beauties of our language?

A Nashville bank robber burrowed under a street for five days, and at length came up in the coal vault of a beer saloon three doors away from the bank, and was bit in eleven places by the most uncompromising dog he ever tried to conciliate.

It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small secret, every-day acts of life, that conscience should prompt us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

During a trial the judge called a witness. No one answered, and an elderly man arose and solemnly said, "He is gone." "Where has he gone?" asked the Judge, in no tender tone. "I don't know; but he is dead," was the guarded answer.

There is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which by kindly thought may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest amount of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it.

"Why is it," asks an exchange, "that when a woman falls down stairs she screams out at every bump, while a man holds his breath till he gets to the bottom?" Why, it is because the woman doesn't intend to do any swearing at the bottom, while the man does, and saves himself for a grand, comprehensive "dad durn it" when he gets there.

The Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier wants to get into the French Academy, and has announced his desire in a letter, in which he puts this peculiar spelling: "Accademie." Alexandre Dumas and Camile Doucet were sitting at the bureau when the letter arrived. The ducal candidate in his first sentence spoke of his taste for letters, and Dumas whispered: "I believe that he loves letters indeed; he puts two where one would do."

Mr. Moody, in a temperance address in the Boston Tabernacle on Friday, said: "I was somewhat shocked when a young man got up in our young converts' meeting and said he had carried a pocket pistol ever since he became converted. But when he drew it out it was a Testament. I hope every one of the young converts will carry a pocket pistol of that kind." That young man seems to be traveling around a great deal. He has been heard from before.

A boy once asked of his father who it was that lived next door to him, and when he heard the name inquired if he was a fool. "No, my little one, he is not a fool, but a very sensible man; but why did you ask the question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool."

At a trial in Auburn, N. Y., the counsel for the Government, after severely cross-examining a witness, suddenly put on a look of severity, and exclaimed: "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir?" "That's what I meant." "Yes, sir, several people have tried to get me to do so, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, I want you to tell me upon oath who those persons were." "Well," said the witness, "I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of 'em."

When a grocer's boy yesterday delivered a basket full of packages to a lady on Columbia street her quick eye detected the fact that she had received only eleven oranges in place of a dozen.

"Young man, you ate that other orange as you came along!" she exclaimed, as she recounted the number.

"Never—never!" he earnestly replied.

"Well, where is it then?"

"They probably counted wrong, ma'am."

"Well, I'll go right back with you and see."

"I didn't eat that orange," he began, after a little reflection, "but I'll tell you how it was. Down here about two blocks I saw an old chap out in his garden, hat hanging on a plum tree as he sawed at a limb. He was the bald headedest man I ever saw, ma'am, and I've traveled all over the world."

"Well, what has that to do with the orange?" she asked.

"Lots, ma'am—heaps. If you was a boy and you saw such a head, and you knew you could hit it and get away all right, wouldn't you put an orange agin it?"

"It was very wicked," she softly answered.

"Well, I dunno but 'twas, but if you'd seen the old gent catch his legs and make a jump and if you'd heard him yell out as he came down and grabbed for his hat, why, ma'am, you'd lend me another orange to pop at some one as I go back!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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THE EXECUTIONS TO-DAY.

To-day the ten "Mollie Maguires" who have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, will expiate their crimes upon the scaffold. A more important event in the criminal history of Pennsylvania has probably never occurred. At Pottsville, are to be executed Thomas Duffy, James Carroll, James Roarty, James Boyle, Hugh McGehan, Thomas Munley; at Mauch Chunk, Michael J. Doyle, Edward Kelly, Alexander Campbell, James Kerrigan, and Andrew Lenahan. The history of the murders and outrages perpetrated by these men upon the community is well known. Defiant of all law, the organization to which they belonged has for a number of years struck terror into the hearts of the law abiding people who lived in that portion of the State where the crimes were committed. Men were afraid to testify in the Courts of what they knew, because their lives would be thus jeopardized, arrests could not be made, and the mighty arm of the law appeared for years to be completely paralyzed. The victims singled out by the organization were killed by oath-bound villians, with about as little compunction as a butcher slays an animal.

But an end to all this has arrived. In May, 1876, James McParlon, an excellent detective of Pinkerton's Agency, who had been stealthily pushing his work, completed it. A number of the criminals were arrested, tried and convicted. Since that time all that human ingenuity could devise has been brought to bear to secure the release of this band of desperadoes, but without effect, and to-day these men pay the penalty of their crimes by suffering death upon the gallows. The surviving members of the band are doubtless as bad as those who are hanged to-day, but their power is gone to a great degree, and the freedom of the people in the coal regions from the assassin's dagger or pistol shot, is greatly assured.

THE WAR.

The war has made little progress during the past week. The Russians, at the time of our writing, have not yet crossed the Danube. It is announced, however, that in a few days the Czar will issue a manifesto, which will be the signal for the crossing. Outrages, it is said, continue in the Tultcha district, which is in the upper part of the Dobrudja. In Armenia, Mukhtar Pasha has distributed 29,250 soldiers, exclusive of artillerymen, mainly at points on the roads leading from Kars and Bayazid to Erzerum. The Russian forces have made strides forward, part of them being in Olti and Toprak Kaleh (castle). This indicates that the Russians have ceased to withdraw troops in the direction of Kars as reported. The Turks claim successes on the Abschasian coast, where their iron-clads have enabled them to harass the Russians. The Turkish Parliament will soon be prorogued. It will, however, take the precaution of appointing a committee to act while it is out of session.

A special despatch states that the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople—the highest ecclesiastical dignitary of the Greek Church in the Ottoman Empire—has ordered prayers to be offered up in all churches of his patriarchate for the success of the Turkish arms. The Patriarch of Constantinople, while claiming to be the head of the whole Eastern Church in opposition to Russian Archimandrite, has been under the moral influence of St. Petersburg through force of circumstances, and naturally looks to Russia for protection against Moslem persecution. He is a Turkish subject, however, and the Porte exercises a sort of right to veto his election, and in many other respects he is under the direct control of the Sultan. In the present state of the East the Patriarch is in a peculiarly difficult and delicate position.

The *London Spectator* says: "The great demonstration at Birmingham seems to have been a most wonderful and unique affair. Fifty thousand people followed Mr. Gladstone through the streets, and half that number, at least, were crowded together to hear him in the great Bingley Hall, in which he spoke. The tall houses on both sides were alive with faces intent on seeing and cheering him, and even on the roofs were parties of spectators, as if the procession had been a royal one. The roaring cheers of the crowd, the wild waving of hats and the tremendous clapping frightened the horses, which are said to have been continually rearing through a great part of the two miles' procession, and only in the last half mile did the density of the crowd at all decrease. It is estimated that the number of the spectators on the route through which Mr. Gladstone passed must have been at least a quarter of a million, the artizans, with paper caps on their heads and their shirt-sleeves rolled up, constituting a very large proportion of the sightseers."

This demonstration was in oppsition to any movement by the Government, favoring Turkey.

The London *Standard's* correspondent at Constantinople, in a despatch sent via Athens, says: "The peace party gains ground daily. At a council of war on Wednesday last, at which the Sultan presided, several of those present, especially Mehmed Ruchdi Pasha strongly advocated peace. Ruchdi said it was now quite clear that Turkey could not hope for active aid from any Power, and could not carry on the war single-handed. He urged that advantage should be taken of Russia's recent declaration that she does not desire conquest, and that application be at once made to some friendly Power to obtain an armistice, during which peace might be arranged. He implored the Sultan to take this step. The majority of the Council were, however, against Mehmed Ruchdi, and his proposals were deferred."

—The concluding exercises at the Naval Academy and the distribution of diplomas to the graduating class, took place yesterday. Among those present were the President and Mrs. Hayes, Secretary Evarts and the Italian and Japanese Ministers. Secretary Thompson distributed the diplomas. There is no engineer class this year. The graduates numbered forty-five. There was no Pennsylvanian among them, and but one New Jerseyman—Henry C. Wakenshaw. The list, however, includes two Japanese youths, Katz Koroku and Hernitomo Goro.

—The President is represented as saying that there is no truth in the oft repeated reports of Cabinet changes, that the Cabinet suits him precisely, works harmoniously, and none of its members wish to retire. But this won't stop the rumors. Times are dull, and there must be "news" of some kind raked together each day.

—The cost of carrying the votes cast at elections of President and Vice-President of the United States to the seat of government at the election of General Washington was $1,401,50, while that at the second election of General Grant was $18,103 25, according to statistics just prepared at the Treasury Department.

—President Hayes's visit to Rhode Island will be a strictly temperance one, for it has been decided to have no liquor of any kind at the Governor's headquarters in Providence during the time of the army reunions, and there will be none at any of the collations or dinners given to the President.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

One of the most noteworthy recent contributions to current literature is the Autobiography and Memoir of Harriet Martineau, published by Osgood & Co., Boston. It is in no respect a commonplace biography. Those who dislike certain features of Miss Martineau's character must concede that she was a remarkable woman, and that the story of her life is exceedingly interesting. Descended from the Huguenot families of Martineau and Pierre who with others crossed the Channel on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1688, and bred and educated in the respectable style of the middle-class families of England fifty years ago, she was by intuition intellectually large, liberal and truthful, and by sympathy capable of comprehending and assisting the poor and oppressed of all classes. In the domain of political economy, in the broad field of philanthropic effort she was a most intelligent, indefatigable and influential worker.

The story of her early years presents her as a victim of ill health, timid fears, unwise discipline, self-blame and depreciation, and repressed affection, intensified no doubt by her natural reticence and incipient deafness. But change of scene, judicious schooling, the discovery and growing appreciation of her intellectual powers together with the death of her elder brother and her father, and pecuniary embarrassments and losses, gradually brought her into more normal and satisfactory relations with her family and society at large. Indeed, she is described as a most affectionate, tender and devoted daughter and friend, by her editor, Mrs. Chapman, whose supplemental Memoir furnishes the needful key to Miss Martineau's own account.

It is unnecessary to mention her first literary efforts or trace her early connections with Mr. Fox and the Monthly Repository, or her contributions to Unitarian literature, since, before her thirtieth year, she disclaimed the theology of that sect, and set out upon an independent course of progress quite too prolonged to admit of discussion in the limits of this article. Premising that at the close of her life she professed to believe only in a First Cause beyond human knowledge and exempt from human attributes, and to feel entirely indifferent to any possible future state of existence, it will be sufficient to add Miss Florence Nightingale's conviction that her death must have opened to herself a "glorious surprise." "She served the Right, that is God, all her life. How few of those who cry 'Lord, Lord,' served the Lord so well and so wisely." "How much she must know now, how much she must have enjoyed already!"

The Tales in Illustration of Political Economy, the first wonderful effort of this gifted mind aroused to the miserable condition of England's laboring classes, resulted in immediate success and distinction. Her acquaintance was directly sought by politicians and statesmen, who supplied her with facts and opinions, conflicting enough with each other and with her own ideas, of which she made abundant and appropriate use, without once giving up her own independence or swerving from what she held to be right and true. The influence she thus exerted contributed much to the remarkable change during the last half century in the character and spirit of English legislation respecting the working classes, while her extraordinary range of literary and philanthropic activity gave her large acquaintance with the most distinguished men and women of her time. Perhaps the most piquant chapter in her whole narrative is that on "Literary Lionism," in which she vigorously denounces "snobbism," and gives her impressions of the many notable people she has met. The utter sincerity and frankness with which she treats every question and person she discusses is amusing, not to say occasionally appalling. Her early critics and reviewers get the full benefit of her vigorous and unflattering dictum, while her prophecies of Macaulay and others, then in their prime, strike one as positively comical.

Miss Martineau was now living in London, and devoting the best of her time to the political Economy series, which was concluded by August, 1834, and she felt entitled to the recreation of a trip to the United States. We are of course particularly interested in this portion of her work, giving as it does a vivid picture of the state of society here just prior to the outburst of abolition sentiment and the awakening of the nation to the ignoble subservience to the slave power and interest which bound the hands and sealed the tongues of all classes among us. We have read nothing from any author which would give the young people of this generation a more correct idea of the shameful lack of independence and right thinking then prevalent, and the difficulty experienced by the pioneers in that great struggle. The subject is treated at large in two works issued soon after her return home in August, 1836, entitled, "Society in America," and "Retrospect of Western Travel." She afterward wrote her novel Deerbrook, and Guides to Service, witnessed Queen Victoria's coronation, and, being somewhat broken in health took a journey up the Rhine, from which she returned quite ill and took up her abode at Tynemouth, where she was laid aside for nearly six years from care and responsibility, though still writing, as she found strength, "Life in a Sick Room," and commencing the work on Touissaint L'Ouverture, published later with the title of "The Hour and the Man." From this long sickness she was raised by "Mesmerism," and afterwards wrote much in its defence.

Finally settling at Ambleside on the Scottish lakes, her latter years were passed in great serenity, in producing "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," and translating Comte's "Positive Philosophy,"—giving lectures to her neighbors on English History, receiving visits from Thackeray, Dickens and older friends—cared for by devoted friends and attached servants, philosophizing on the state of the world, and content with the close of life, without the expectation of a future; but *if* she is mistaken, accepting it as "all right." So passed away this heroic worker, whose greatest desire was to help her fellow mortals, and whose industry and courage were worthy of all praise and imitation.

—A Treatise on Lightning Protection, by Henry W. Spang, exposes serious errors which have been made in the construction and application to buildings of many of the lightning conductors now erected. It proves that the metal roofs, rain and gas pipes, stacks, etc., about buildings, are much better conductors of lightning discharges than the ordinary lightning rods, and recommends to builders and others, feasible plans for utilizing their advantages by connection with each other and with the earth. The work is published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

—A Sketch of the Life of Thomas Jefferson, by Thomas J. Davis, Emeritus Rector of the Church of the Resurrection, Philadelphia, and published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, is of interest as plainly presenting the proceedings in the House of Burgesses, Virginia, up to the time of its dissolution by Lord Dunmore, and the vigorous action of Jefferson in securing the independence of the Colonies. It is an admirable text book for political students.

—Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger publish Anecdotes and Humors of School Life, a decidedly pleasant and readable work. The compiler has culled the best of the many anecdotes and incidents of the school room, and grouped them in a happy manner. The book will be alike attractive to old and young.

—On Tuesday afternoon, the 12th inst., the dwelling of George Thompson, at Beaver Valley, Pa., a well-to-do dairyman, was broken into and robbed by masked men. As the burglars were leaving the premises they were met by Thomas Burns, a hired man, who in trying to prevent the departure of the robbers, was shot and killed.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Mr. Tilden's recent lugubrious speech in New York, in which he so affectingly recites the wrong done him by Mr. Hayes accepting the Presidency, creates only ridicule here, and takes away any sympathy which might have existed for him in the minds of the Democrats. As for Mr. Hayes, he expresses himself satisfied with the turn things took, and consoles himself, without a qualm of conscience, in his possessorship of the White House, quite as happily as Mark Tapley did the ague or other difficulties in the far West. He believes himself entitled not only to the votes of Louisiana and Florida, but those of Mississippi and Alabama, and as Congress, the higher power of the land, asserted its power in determining his rights, he claims he is entitled to the Presidency as a matter of right as well as fact, notwithstanding Mr. Tilden's assertions to the contrary. Father Tilden's lachrymose after dinner lamentations seem absurd, when we reflect that had Mr. Hayes not been declared elected by Congress, Mr. Tilden himself could not have become President, for the only result would have been assumption of the Presidency by Mr. Wheeler, or some one elected by the Senate until a new election would determine the issue. Yet he is a terribly injured man, just as Mr. Pecksniff was by Tom Pinch, and we don't doubt that like his Dickens' prototype, he will ever hereafter haunt the beer shops of New York city that he may edify his listeners with affecting recitations of the wrongs done him. He seems affected in addition with something of the Bourbon French character which never forgets or learns anything, and who knows but what Samuel may yet take unto himself a wife that he may thereby perpetuate his name and afflict the country with an eternal claimant to our White House throne. Why not? If Massachusetts can consistently put forward the chronic candidate for President in the Adams family on the ground that the White House belong of right to the descendants, why not offset such assumptions with those of a real Bourbon and give New York a claim to a perpetual succession.

THE SILVER QUESTION grows more serious daily, inasmuch as its recognition in some form or other is fast promising to become a fact. The East having committed itself to the single standard of gold, will find arrayed against it an overwhelming double standard interest in Congress from the West and South. The President has modified his views, while Mr. Sherman put himself squarely upon the platform of having silver stand precisely where greenbacks do now, hence the bimetallic adherents will go into Congress with the strongest of support, and must necessarily gain their end to a greater or lesser extent. The opinion is freely expressed that Secretary Sherman will succeed in having his views adopted, inasmuch as he waives his strict adherence to gold and concedes the bimetallic standard excepting for custom duties. On such a compromise basis, it would seem all factions could unite and give us the good old dollar of our fathers, which now exercises the Ohio Democrats so strongly through their fears that the Republicans will steal their Democratic thunder, and appropriate Durbin Ward's invention of the phrase, "dollar of our fathers."

The four per cent. loan which Mr. Sherman puts before the country will undoubtedly become popular, as the expressions of approval which pour in, show that the people will invest their surplus funds in them. It is likely, however, that the banks will combine and gobble them into their vaults, as there is nothing to prevent such a course should they conclude to take the whole subscription. The 3-65 bonds of this city are steadily advancing in value, and stand now at 77, having gone to that point from 65 since last February. It is a sound indication that we, as a nation, are surely getting down to hard pan when our low interest bearing bonds are so eagerly sought for. A few months ago 10 per cents. only were taken, while now the 25 millions of government four per cents. will be immediately absorbed, and our city 3-65, guaranteed, however, by the government, are steadily appreciating. That we must suffer some inconvenience before a complete adjustment of our financial difficulties can be reached, is evident, but nothing can more clearly prove the near attainment than the plentifulness of money and the absorption of these low interest bearing bonds.

Among the applicants for the Pension Agency of the new consolidated district of West Virginia, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee, we notice the name of T. M. Harris, now pension agent at Wheeling, West Virgina. We trust he may be the winner of the prize. We had the fortune to serve on his staff in the Shanandoah Valley in 1864, and at Richmond and Petersburg in 1865, and know his worth as man and soldier. The "Deacon," as his staff used to call him, was a true soldier. Brave even to rashness; there was no duty or danger which he imposed on his boys that he would not share. In March, 1865, Gen. Ord found the boys of our division, as he thought, somewhat careless on the picket line, and sent Harris word he should impose restrictions upon their promiscuous trading with the Rebels, &c. In reply Harris said he would be personally responsible for any of his men who deserted, as he knew he could trust every one of them. We lost none by desertion, and in the terrible fighting around Petersburg, better, braver men were not to be found than Gen. Harris and his West Virginia mountaineers. At Strausburg, Cedar Creek, Petersburg and Appomattox he made a proud record for himself and his State. May he be as victorious now. D. D.

—Already they are asking for a division of the State of Colorado, one writer basing the demand upon the alleged fact that the southern half is mainly settled by people from the Southern States, while the population of the north is largely composed of Yankees. "As well," says this advocates, "might we argue that May and December are fit companions, as that the Southern and Northern people can be united in one common interest." The Denver *News* sensibly ridicules the proposal and the argument.

—In Baltimore, yesterday, the feature of the stock market was a decline in Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stock. About 300 shares were sold in small lots, opening at 93¾, tumbling to 80, and closing at 81. No special reason is known for the panic, but it was said a question had arisen as to the payment of the July interest on the third mortgage bonds of the Marietta and Cincinnati road, an important connection of the Baltimore and Ohio. Nothing positive on the subject, however, is known.

—A terrible conflagation started in St. John, N. B., early yesterday afternoon, and was still burning at midnight, and beyond control. The latest telegram reports that three-fourths of the city, including all the public buildings, three principal hotels, several churches and all the newspapes offices, has been destroyed. Seven lives were known to have been lost. St. John is a city of about 30,000 population.

—Two hundred men in person and 300 by written protest, among whom were seven leading physicians, remonstrated with the Mayor and Aldermen of Lawrence, Mass., last week, against the enforcement of the ordinance for muzzling dogs. The Aldermen decided to suspend the enforcement for a week to debate the subject.

—While a canvas tube fire-escape was undergoing tests at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, on Thursday, Michael Cary, a fireman, who had before passed down a number of times, ripped open the canvas with a projecting nail in his boot, fell through the aperture to the pavement and was killed.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Philadelphia has for the past week been jealously regarding every movement of the Board of Pardons—not that the very estimable gentlemen composing this body need watching particularly, but because strong influences were at work in favor of the condemned Mollie Maguires. Yesterday all doubt was set at rest by telegrams which informed us that the dread penalty would be enforced. Now it must be admitted that Philadelphia has not been directly inconvenienced by the Mollies, and no doubt they always spoke well of us; but then the marrow in the backbone of our prosperity is darkly tinged with anthracite, and any lawlessness in the coal regions has an ill effect upon all other Pennsylvania industries. Hence we have no affection for the Mollies. These horny-handed and well-armed sons of toil have had things pretty much their own way for a long time; but the gory lane has had its turning, and eleven of the cowardly murderers will soon step down and out from a platform which they were evidently born to grace. Forty-one others will rest from their sanguinary labors in the penitentiary. No small comfort is it to reflect that after twelve long years of unpunished crime, during which period hundreds of unoffending men have been shot, stabbed, and beaten to death for preferring work to starvation, the ringleaders in the bloody arena will at last meet their just deserts. Let no morbid sentimentalism find lodgment in your thoughts of these men. Remember they were banded together for murder and arsen; not a man in the organization was brave enough to meet a foe face to face; the black deeds were committed under cover of darkness, when the victims suspected no harm, and when the armed assassins many times outnumbered the defenceless men who were slaughtered for earning bread for their wives and babies. The full details of the manner in which the Mollies were tracked by detectives will soon be published, and the story reads more like the distempered fancies of an unbalanced brain than a plain record of facts. Detective McPharlan, who worked up the case, is a slim, wiry, prepossessing man, not over thirty-two years of age; a wonderful character actor, and as cool-headed as he is daring. He can sing, dance, play cards, drink, and fight "wid the best of them," and it was through these accomplishments that he ingratiated himself into the affections of the men who had reduced murder to a fine art.

No doubt like most of their predecessors the condemned Mollies will die in the blessed consciousness that the gates of paradise are yawning to receive them, and let us charitably hope that their numerous victims are already searching for the brightest crowns and tuning up the latest improved celestial harps for their accommodation. The names of those who will migrate from this wicked world on Thursday are Alexander Campbell, Edward J. Kelley, Michael Doyle, Jack Donahue, James Carroll, Hugh McGehan, James Boyle, James Roarty, Thomas Munley, and Pat Duffy. The first four will depart via Mauch Chunk, and the others from Pottsville. The rest will follow in due season.

Murder is not the most delightful subject in the world to write upon, but if civilized society will amuse itself in that way the chronicler must note it down. Last Monday evening the Second Regiment National Guards had an inspection at the Rink, and at the conclusion of the parade John Murray, a member of Company E., entered a saloon with several comrades, all in uniform and carrying muskets with bayonets fixed. Enough alcohol was imbibed to lead to a playful skirmish with the weapons, and the sport grew more and more exciting until it ended in a row outside. Result: several of the participants woke up the next morning with badly cut hands and wrists, and John Murray never woke up at all. A bayonet had penetrated his heart. An inquest was held on Thursday, but the jury found a verdict of "killed by nobody," or words to that effect. All the principals in the affray are known, and several arrests were made, but after this verdict the prisoners were discharged. It is whispered that as in Fletcher's case political influence is shielding the guilty party, but there is yet a possibility of the affair being somewhat more thoroughly investigated.

Speaking of investigations, the Legislative Committee on Convict Labor have been passing the time very comfortably at the Girard House, and have taken enough testimony to know by this time nearly as much as do our citizens about the various systems of utilizing the inmates of the House of Correction and House of Refuge. Members of the Board of Managers of these institutions have given glowing accounts of the peerless beauties of the plan adopted, showing conclusively that they, the prisons, not the officials, are models in their way and—that is all. The Custom House Committee have inscribed on their books no minutes worth recording. A committee of Councilmen are now diligently seeking to discover who did *not* strike thirteen false fire alarms one night in March. The alarms came from all parts of the city, and before the investigation began it was asserted that two members of the fire department and a policeman, having engaged a hack for the occasion, had been amusing themselves by calling out the men on duty, but now nobody knows anything about it. One of the marvels of this age of civilized evolution is the amount of labor investigating committees can perform without doing anything.

Many of my readers have, probably, seen our new Public Buildings on Broad street, or rather the small portion of that mighty pile which now peeps over the fence. This monstrous structure has been a veritable white elephant ever since the work has begun, and as Councils finally refused to grant any more extravagant appropriations for the enterprise, the Building Commission attempted to force the money from the city by an appeal to the courts. On Saturday, Judge Biddle decided the case against the Commission, and taxpayers breathe more freely. Had the Commission won the battle, they would have carried things with a high hand, for such bodies are never happy unless making a public display of their power. A recent action of the Park Commission is a case in point; these worthies, or rather a quorum of them, seemed to fear that they would be forgotten, and therefore sallied out the other day and amused themselves by pulling down all the smaller structures remaining on the Centennial Grounds. The buildings were not in the way, their architectural proportions were not inartistic, and the time at which they were to be removed had hardly expired. The Municipal pavilion and the Government laboratory were among the reminiscences of the Centennial thus summarily demolished, the latter being still occupied by a Government officer who was arranging for its removal. The purchaser of the first, and the mighty owner of the second, both resented the unnecessary interference, and the consequence is, that either the Park Commission or the Centennial Board of Finance will have to pay damages.

Philadelphia uses every month from one-and a half to two million gallons of milk. The members of the Board of Health are wrestling with the problem as to what proportion of the whole amount consumed is milk and what proportion water, chalk, &c. The estimate places the aqueous supply through this source at 15 per cent., the value of which would be about $250,000, rather a high price for Schuylkill water, palatable as it certainly is. What is needed to purify the milk is a good healthy drought, nothing less will accomplish the desired result.

Contrary to all expectations, the summer has not set in with its usual severity, the weather since the first of June having been much of the time deliciously cool and pleasant. Now and then a day comes when the mercury in the thermometers playfully coquetts with the top of the tube, but persons who have leisure can at such moments quickly escape by the excursion boats up and down the Delaware and Schuylkill, while our magnificent "Fairmount" and the shaded municipal parks with their lawns, fountains, birds and flowers, are free to all. Few have yet sought the watering places or mountain resorts, but about one hundred of our wealthier families have started on their annual European tours. C. W. F.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—We seem to have drifted upon a period of individual dishonesty, the transactions being the nebulous flashes of the wider range of national peculation. The papers have been full, lately, of the mysterious thefts at the New York Hotel, where, as was alleged, a chambermaid or expert hotel thief, decamped with a bushel of gold rings, diamond rings, watches, chains and other ornaments belonging to George Rignold, the popular English actor. Six hundred dollars in good greenbacks were also supposed to be a portion of the captured property. The consequence was that Mr. Rignold was in that peculiarly embarrassing position where the payment of a hotel bill is one of the infinite impossibilities. Other guests of the house were also dragged into the primal accounts as sufferers. Patient investigation has dissipated, however, a great deal of the original sensationalism, and there is considerable mist and mystery clinging about the affair. It seems to be certain that Mr. Rignold was not able to pay his bill, or at least he forgot to do so in his haste to catch the Canadian train; but it does not seem so certain that he was robbed of anything, and beneath the bereaved garb of the injured one we begin to see the costume of the actor. There is no doubt about Mr. Cranston, the proprietor, being a loser one way and the other. Previous to the hotel escapade, Henry V. Rignold had a certain share of managerial charge of Booth's Theatre, but the short snap season was disastrous, and when the curtain fell it raised the dust of any quantity of civil suits, instituted by armorers, soldiers of the line, stage carpenters, standard bearers, pages, and all the rest of the heroic company. Only the other day your correspondent was present at a hearing in a little civil court, over a liquor store in Centre street, and after certain washing bills and black eyes had been satisfactorily settled, Rignold appeared as defendant in a suit brought by some grimy handed artizan about the theatre. How glory fades! Only a couple of short seasons ago, Rignold was the theatrical lion of the town. The ladies went wild over him. His photograph was in every swell's album, and in this hour of his gloom it is no more than fair, as the *Telegram* suggests, for the feminine admirers of Henry V, to come to his rescue with their pin money.

On the heels of this incident comes the story of a high-toned broker on Wall street, who has been going round to private receptions, on Fifth Avenue, pocketing the spoons, and any other valuables that came within his reach. It is a case in which gilt-edged families intermingle, and at this writing, the most strenuous exertions are being made to keep the matter quiet.

Bribery in our prisons is another salient feature of the passing hour. There is no question at all but that Conners, the celebrated Northampton bank robber, who was being held in Ludlow Street Jail for extradition, was allowed to escape. The very prompt discharge of the Deputy Warden and the Doorkeeper shows that the Sheriff thinks so, anyhow. He had a very severe lesson in the case of Tweed, and he must shudder at the idea of its repetition. Poor Tweed! it is scarcely probable that he will live to see his limbs thoroughly freed of the gyves which now encircle them. He sits in that pleasant room of his, and looks gloomily out upon the courtyard, wondering why Attorney-General Fairchild said so curtly that he would have nothing more to do with the distinguished prisoner. His case is a deplorable one. The lawyers have bled him to the tune of nearly half a million of dollars, and, if anything, he is more in the mire than ever. It is certain that he is very much in that Marshalsea of ours, Ludlow Street Jail.

In the meantime, Prince Harry Genet, another ring robber, who escaped from his palace in Harlem, and taught Tweed how to do it, visits the city at rare and secret intervals. Sweeny is free. Connolly looks wistfully from English shores, longing to once more tread beautiful Broadway. Every one who has seen any of the ring fugitives abroad, describes their condition as being one of extreme anguish. Surrounded by luxury, they are still haunted by dreams of the city they deflowered. All this goes to prove that New York is a very good place to come back to.

Ben Butler's speech on the "Irish Soldier," to be delivered at the Academy of Music, on June 19th, is looked forward to as a great affair. The fact that it will be gilded by the *Sun's* rays in the shape of an opening address by the Hon. Charles A. Dana, lends it additional attraction. Butler is very popular in this city. When he is in town he stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is said on pretty good authority that he intends to become one of us, and join a big Broadway law firm.

Speaking of Butler, one is naturally, in some way reminded of fire works, and that suggests again the interminable row which has been going on for some time in the Board of Aldermen about the way in which we are to celebrate our Fourth of July. The Ordinance suggested by the Board of Fire Underwriters, making it something like instant death for the small boy to be caught tossing a torpedo, or firing off a cracker, will not be adopted. There is an ordinance already in existence which accomplishes the same result. It was passed in 1866, but only recently did anyone discover that such an instrument ever had life. The din over the waves of oblivion, under which the ordinance had sunk, brought it to the surface.

Poor Clara Morris is much affected at the loss of her pretty protege, Mabel Leonard. This tiny heroine of quite a prominent law-suit has been decoyed or stolen by her mother, who is most unquestionably not the proper custodian of the little one. It was shown in court that when Mabel was playing the interesting child in the powerful drama of "Miss Multon", her mother kept her in a negro bagnio of the worst description. While with Miss Morris or Mrs. Harriott, the eight-year old actress was surrounded by all the luxury of what should have been a happy home. Her benefactress rejoiced in having added another pet to the list which includes any quantity of pretty birds and a wonderful dog called "Rags." But the dream has fled, and so has Mabel.

The Board of Health of the city of Brooklyn and the Board of Health of the city of New York are still at daggers drawn, and all about the swill milk. New York, or rather Bergh, who is New York in this respect, says that there are diseased cows over the river, and Brooklyn intimates that she will be only too happy to make a present to any one who will show her an indisposed animal of the kine breed. In the meantime we smile grimly, and when we take our milk or our chocolate and milk at the Vienna bakery, or at our breakfast tables, we shut our eyes.

Our noble police force had a magnificent parade the other day, but they made the great mistake—or perhaps it wasn't a mistake—of not going below Fourteenth street. So the business men who pay for the finest force in the world, did not have a chance to see it. And then the parade was at 9 o'clock in the morning, when the majority of the respectable world was dressing for breakfast. It may have been a good idea. Who knows? SANS NOM.

—A sewing machine concern in New York has made a contract to supply an English house with 33,000 machines—a result of last year's Exposition.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, June 6th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Of course, politics is the leading topic in Paris, and as in Paris, in France; but for the time being there is a lull. We are, however, resting on our arms, with as vigilant and wary an eye on one another as ever a Cossack centered on a Bashi Bazouk. The movements of those two eccentic butchers, by the by, have lost all interest for us. Cross and Crescent can do pretty much as they choose along the Danube, and on that perennial battle-ground, Kars, our seat of war is the Chamber of Deputies; our opposing legions the Right and Left, and upon my word, I believe they fight as savagely as ever Tarter or Musselman.

Of actual novelties in politics there are none. It is said in the *cafes*, and on pretty good ground too, that the real cause of the late movement of the President of the Republic can be found in his, or rather his wife's devotion to the Papal cause. Jules Simon, say the wiseacres, would never have been dismissed but for an application, through the Nuncio, from the Papal court. With Simon's dismissal the radical changes which startled the world were natural accompaniments. There can be no doubt of the truth of the rumor in regard to Mr. Simon. The virulent and persistent attacks upon him by the Ultramontane press are ample confirmation of it.

Foster has certainly succeeded the "Martyr to the Mass," as the Boulevardies call him, to a most uneasy throne, and one likely soon to crumble under him. If his elevation serves no other purposes, it does that of provoking our old and irrepressible friend Gambetta into the train of fiery invective he handles so skilfully, and to such effect.

Don Carlos writes from Vienna concerning his expulsion from France, that he was simply notified that his presence in Paris threatened trouble, and that, in a desire to spare the Government, in its present crisis, any difficulty on his account, he entered upon a journey which he had long had in his mind, a couple weeks before he had intended. The fact of the matter simply was that the brigand prince was ordered to leave, in the most uncompromising and prosaic manner, by a representative of the Bureau of Police. At the time of his stay here he held court to a mixed crowd of adventurers and devotees, to whom the recollection of the late barn burnings and assassinations of the so called Carlist war were morsels of sweet savor.

Agents of the Internationals have been active among the workingmen, many of whom are out of employment, and that dangerous combination, idleness and bad counsels, have, in a measure, produced the usual result. In Montauban, Besacon and Lyons men have been arrested for parading the streets under that sanguinary standard, from whose color the radical party takes its name, and in Paris itself the Faubourgs are grumbling, and men stalk about with dangerous looks. The infection has even reached the army, and political papers, books, &c., are rigidly excluded from the barracks, and all the shops and taverns about the *casernes*, where papers can be read, are closed. The papers here, notably the *Rappel, Siecle*, and the *Radical*, the latter of which is Rochefort's special organ, and the paper formerly known as *Les Droits de l'Homme*, are all suffering the weight of Government displeasure in the shape of heavy fines. The *Radical* alone has paid over thirty thousand francs already, and the treasuries of the others have suffered similar inroads. These are the leading Republican journals, are rich and influential, and can stand it; but the fines fall heavily on the smaller sheets with limited incomes. Somehow all manage to pull through, however. When the bottom of the treasury is reached, the required sum is raised by subscription, and the paper goes on lampooning the Government as before, until another fine brings it up with a short-hand.

No preparations are being made here for the formal reception of General Grant, and his welcome, after the flood of adulation upon which he has been borne through England, will doubtless seem to him a cold one. Even the American colony, where he might hope for warm welcome and many brilliant devotions, is almost depleted. There is a positive hegira of our countrymen from Paris into Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries. The prices of living are rising steadily and greatly, in anticipation of next year's expedition, and Paris is coming to assume the sordid, bloodless look that characterized Philadelphia at the inception and grew with the growth of its Exposition to such an absolutely maddening pitch. There is positively no foundation at all to the report that the Exposition is likely to be postponed. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the great show will be held, even if the avenues leading to it are blocked by barricades, and visitors have to descend upon it from balloons.

Dom Pedro is with us yet, dressing like a dry-goods' drummer out of luck, as usual. There is something charming about the unassuming, good-natured, gentlemanly shabbiness of the ruler of Golconda, who looms up grandly in his simplicity amid the swarms of begemmed people whose very ornaments are drawn from his own soil.

Most of the theatres are losing money, and there are really no startling novelties. There is, however, an idiotic operetta, one of the songs from which, "The Color of my Gaiters," is being whistled by all Paris as I write. H.

—Our attention has been called to some new and useful cooking utensils recently invented. One of which is known as the Centennial Cake and Baking Pan, made of Russia iron, and is so constructed that after your cake is baked, you can instantly remove it from the pan without injuring it, and having a raised bottom the cake can not possibly burn. It is also provided with a slide on the bottom, so that when you remove the tube, you close the hole, making a pan with plain bottom for baking jelly or plain cakes, bread, etc. Another—the "Kitchen Gem"—is also a very useful and long-needed household necessity. It is a plaited wire boiler or steamer to hang inside of an ordinary iron pot, for boiling or steaming vegitables, which when done, can be easily removed *perfectly dry* without lifting the heavy, sooty iron pot off of the stove, avoiding the danger of burning the hands with the steam in pouring off the hot water. And the vegetables cannot possibly burn, if the water boils dry, as the steamer does not touch the bottom of the pot. These good are sold exclusively through agents to families, giving universal satisfaction and presents a splendid opening for some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of the county to secure the agency for a profitable business. For term, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—A California paper says: "On the nights of Monday and Tuesday, May 14 and 15, during the big storm, it is stated that about ten thousand sheep perished twenty three miles north west of Yosemite Valley, at Aspen Valley, and on the divide to Hazel Green. Over one hundred thousand were up there from Visalia, Fresno, Stanislaus, San Joaquin and the coast range, all crowding and trying to get on the summit, to be the first into Mono county, whither they were wending their way for feed. Most of the loss occurred in the snow, and over three hundred were seen dead in one bunch near Cane's flat—the roads lined with them and the stench intolerable."

—A queer case of action on contract has been instituted at Cattaraugus, N. Y. A young woman, the plaintiff, sets forth that her father, the defendant, promised her $500 commission if she would procure him a wife. She did it, and he married the woman, but now refuses to pay up, declaring indignantly that he did his own courting.

—The torpedoes used by Turkey consist of large iron cases, cylindrical in shape, filled with some 1,000 pounds of large grain powder, and so arranged as to float within thirty-five feet of the surface of the water. They are intended to be fired by electricity from the shore.

—Last week workmen engaged in digging a cellar for a warehouse on Charles street, Baltimore (now the centre of business in that city), struck a mass of timber, very much decayed, which appeared to be one side of the hull of a small-sized sailing vessel. The place where the warehouse excavations is now in progress is all made ground, and previous to the year 1800 was covered by deep water. Sergeant Hause has in his possession a curious and minute map of Baltimore town and harbor, executed in 1752, upon which is marked a spot where the sloop Dove went down, being the first wreck that ever occurred in the waters of the Patapsco. By close calculation and measurement the Sergeant has discovered that the place where the excavation is now being made on South Charles street, is the exact locality marked on his map as the scene of the sinking of the sloop. It would thus appear that the old hulk which the men are digging up is the wreck of the sloop Dove, now unearthed and discovered for the first time after being buried a hundred and twenty-five years.

—The excitement among the silk operatives at Paterson, N. J., increased yesterday, and the number of the strikers was augmented to nearly 600. The Hamil Mill "shut down," and several other mills were without hands. At a meeting of the strikers, one of the men who advocated a return to work was set upon and assaulted by the women, who tore his coat. One of them threw pepper and salt in his eyes, and upon his presenting an empty revolver at them, the crowd chased him for half a mile. The woman who damaged his eyes was subsequently arrested and held to bail in $500. Both strikers and employers are determined thus far, but the advantage seems to be with the latter, as nine-tenths of the operatives continue at work.

—A lawyer of Philadelphia was recently obliged to make searches in the Courts against John Smith. Singularly enough the papers came back from the Common Pleas Court Office with a certificate that there were at that time no judgments whatever against John Smith. All of which goes to show either the exceptional honesty of the John Smith family, or the belief of creditors that between so many of the same name a judgment would be of little value. Under the circumstances John is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

—On Tuesday night five tramps went to sleep on the top of an old limekiln, at Bridgeport, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, opposite Norristown, and some time during the night the walls fell in, carrying the men with them. Four of them were killed at once, and the fifth, who gave the name of Charles Blake, of Worcester, Mass., was so badly injured that his life is despaired of. The names of the unfortunate men are not known, but the survivor thinks they are from York State and New England.

—New Jersey ran a strawberry train to New York, at the height of the season. The first one was comprised of seven cars.

Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

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NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after November 27, 1876,
Trains to and from Bristol Station
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Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:36 A. M., 12:46, 4:06, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 12:35, 3:09, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:46 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:10, 7:41, 9:21, and 11:47 A. M., 2:27, 6:21, and 7:48 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A.M., and 7:48 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 7:29, 7:41, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:27, 2:49, 4:19, 5:01, 6:01, 6:21, 7:48, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21, 11:09 A. M. and 2:49 7:48 P. M.
☞The 7.29, 11.47, A. M., 4.19, and 6.01 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Trenton.
At 6:10, 7:10, 8:00, 9:10, and 10:14 A., 12:15, 12:20, 2:50, 3:40, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:20 noon, and 9:14 P. M.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 6:40, and 10:15 A.M., 2:05, 3:40, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. On Sundays, 10:15 A. M., and 2:05 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 7:00, 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 1:10, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night. On Sundays, 8:30, A.M., and 7:00 P. M.
From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:25 A. M., 12:55, and 6:55 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M., 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11.55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
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Resumed Trips.
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ON and after TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 10 o'clock A. M. and Bristol at 10½ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 766

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Leave Arch st. wharf.			Leave South Trenton.		
Thursday,	21,	8½ A. M.	Thursday,	21,	12 M.
Friday,	22,	9 A. M.	Friday,	22,	1 P. M.
Saturday,	23,	10 A. M.	Saturday,	23,	2 P. M.
Monday,	25,	11 A. M.	Monday,	25,	3 P. M.
Tuesday,	26,	12 M.	Tuesday,	26,	4 P. M.
Wednesday,	27,	1 P. M.	Wedn'day,	27,	5 P. M.
Thursday,	28,	1½ P. M.	Thursday,	28,	5½ P. M.

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Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, June 21, 1877.

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NEW YORK —Arrives 7 00 and 11 00 A M, and 6 30 P M Closes 7 15 and 10 45 A M, 3 30, 5 30 and 7 30 P M

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 7 45, A M and 3.30 P M

TRENTON —Arrives 7 00 and 11 00 A M, 5 00 and 6 30 P M Closes 7 15, 7 45 and 10 45 A M, and 3 30 P M

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R R —Arrive at 5 00 P M, and close at 7 15 A M

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Office hours from 7 00 A M, to 8 30 P M

W B BAKER, Postmaster

SORTS.

—The stone work of the new Mill is about completed

—Bristol has over fifty carpenters, most of whom find steady employment.

—Rev. H K Brouse is expected to take up his residence in Bristol again in a short time

—About 200 shares of the new series issued by the Union Building Company have been sold

—Benjamin F Streeter was yesterday appointed Revenue Gauger for the First Pennsylvania District

—Samuel Hulme's three acres planted in strawberries produced this season about 100 bushels to the acre

—The public schools close on the 28th inst, and the following day the teachers and pupils will have a picnic

—We are informed that Mrs John Drew and some of the attaches of her theatre are boarding at Walter Laing's

—Frank I Adams, is about to apply for a preliminary examination as student at law, in the office of A H Jones

—W P Pray, of Washington, D C, has entered into partnership with Thomas B Hulkins in the foundry business

—Quite a number of boarders are recreating at the Bath Springs, and how the sun fish in the mill pond—Silver lake we mean—do suffer

—Miss Julia Wright, who has been connected with Miss Merriam's Seminary, as a teacher of music, has accepted a similar position at Cape Town, Africa

—At the meeting of the Home Building Association last Monday evening, two loans were sold to Anna Rightly, and one to William Thorn at 2 cents premium each

—An excursion to the Permanent Exhibition from Morrisville, Bristol, and other stations on the line of the railroad, will take place on the — inst, leaving Morrisville at 7 15 A M

—Margaret Reilly an old servant of the Dorrance family was found dead at the residence of G M Dorrance on Friday morning last, having suffocated from the gas which had been left turned on after the lights had been extinguished

—It is estimated by one of our prominent truckers that about 1 200 crates of strawberries have been sold in Bristol, this season A crate contains between 32 and 36 quarts At this rate the 1,200 crates contained 40,800 quarts, which at six cents per quart would amount to $2,448 00, quite a successful season

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, June 20th Isaac Booz, John L Burton, Henry Chamberlain, Lizzie Coffee, Maggie Curran, Edward Leatherberry John Nelson, James McGinley, Lou D Flinn, Fannie Rundill, L A Roberts Henry Robinson, Mary Roche Joshua Townsend, Ellen Toughey, Lauline Wright

—Samuel Swain has made the following sales of real estate: a lot, 35 feet front by 115 feet, on Swain street to Charles F Welk, for $245, a lot, 50 feet front by 150 feet deep, on Pine street, to David Cutler, for $300, a lot, 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, on Linden street, to Walter Shelton, for $175, a lot, 25 feet front by 115 feet deep, on Swain street, to John S Brelsford, for $175

—Miss Merriam's school closed on Tuesday evening Her closing exercises were very interesting, consisting of essays, readings, recitations and music by the scholars, who reflected much credit upon their instructors by the admirable manner in which they performed their allotted parts The parents and a few friends of the pupils were present, and were much pleased with the character of what they had witnessed during the evening which passed away so delightfully

—Frank A Gremer, defaulting tax clerk, son of Peter, formerly of this place, was put upon trial, charged with having embezzled $256 After one witness had been examined Frank's counsel withdrew the plea of not guilty, and plead guilty with a plea for mercy The Judge gave him 9 months Frank was ambitious to be a candidate for the office of Receiver of Taxes He will now have time to reflect upon the adage too often overlooked by young political aspirants, "Honesty is the best policy"

—The Friends' School closed for the summer last Tuesday, with exercises participated in by most of the pupils who, under the effective management of the principal, Miss Susan A Mitchell, and her assistants, conducted themselves in a highly creditable manner Quite a a number of the parents and friends were present The exercises were as follows Essay on Life, read and composed by Fanny Swain, Recitation, "King Olaf's Christmas," by Ernest Pierson Dialogue, "Choice of Trades," by eight little boys, Recitations, "Curfew must not ring to-night," by Carrie Pooka, and "American Flag," by Willie Iredell Dialogue "Going to be an orator," by Joseph Thomas and Willie Iredell; Recitation, "Edinboro' after Flodden," by Louisa Wood, The "Blue Bird," by Charles Pray "Tom Twist," by Thomas Scott, and the "Wise Fairy," by Lome Courtright The concluding piece being a dialogue—"Mind your own business," in which eight of the pupils participated

—The *Langhorne Beacon* pays the following deserved compliment to Charles T Iredell, cashier of the Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County "An event of unusual interest has occurred in the history of the Farmers' Bank of Bucks county located at Bristol. The present year of 1877 marks the fiftieth year, or half-century, of the present efficient and careful Cashier, Charles T Iredell's connection with that institution In 1815, or sixty-three years ago the Bank was started, and after thirteen years, Mr. Iredell came into it as a bank boy. His carefulness and readiness for the work that was assigned to him, was always apparent, and as he passed the several gradations up to the honored and trusted position of Cashier, his habit of giving his business the most guarded attention, grew with him, and to-day can be said of him what probably can be credited to no other Cashier and that is, that he never, in all that time, paid a wrong check. He is held in high esteem by the Board of Directors, and to his careful judicious management, the Bank owes much of its present success A half century! What a period of time! Nearly twice the allotment of years laid down for man, and all that time spent in the service of one institution. Surely the event is one of unusual occurrence, and one that the Bank, as well as the Cashier, should look to with pride. The history of the life of Charles T. Iredell, is the history of the Farmers' Bank of Bucks County, as the two are inseperable, and when he is called to leave the duties of this life, the finger of fame can transcribe under his name, the highest honor given here: "He was never known to betray a trust."

The Bristol Improvement Company.

The career of this company, thus far, notwithstanding the exceptionally bad condition of business all over the land, has been most gratifying Although organized less than six months, they have acquired two large and successful business properties, and nearly completed a third, at a total cost of over $53,000, nearly all of which has been expended in Bristol, and the wages of these establishments—amounting to several thousands weekly—are also distributed among our merchants.

By reason of these establishments, between sixty and seventy dwellings have been added to the Borough to accommodate the increased demand created by the increase of population, and the season on all hands has been for our town an exceptionally busy one. Not only are these facts patent to our people, but they are challenging the attention of all surrounding towns, and the prosperity of Bristol is pronounced as phenomenal as it is gratifying

The Board of Directors at their last meeting resolved to issue five thousand dollars additional stock with which to erect a large building adjoining the Worsted Mills, to accommodate the increasing business of Messrs Grundy, Bros & Campion The issue of the ten thousand authorized in May, we are informed, has nearly all been taken, largely in Bristol A most gratifying fact with regard to these subscriptions is the number taken by the operatives of the different mills, who are investing their surplus earnings in this commendable way, thus showing an intelligent appreciation of the efforts being made by the company to increase the manufacturing industries of the town They thus help to advance the material prosperity of its people, whilst obtaining a handsome return for their investment. Those who have made unsatisfactory investments in railroad, canal, or other securities, we think would take a wise step in disposing of them and re-investing in Bristol Improvement stock which not only pays a handsome dividend, but has something tangible to show its stockholders in the way of security for their investments, and is managed by some of our best known and most sagacious business men

Here and There.

—One day last week the steamer Twilight carried eleven hundred crates of berries to Philadelphia

—The closing exercises of Andalusia Hall will be held at 10 o'clock, A. M, on Friday, the 22d inst

—The people of Hulmeville intend having a Murphy Temperance meeting at that place on the 4th of July

—The application of William D Fenton, for license for a liquor store in Bristol, was withdrawn at Doylestown last week

—Robert Kelly's little son, while holding a horse in a pasture lot at Yardleyville, was knocked down and struck with one foot, fracturing the bone of the right leg

—Twining Bros had a horse seriously injured at their stone quarry at Yardleyville He fell while attached to a cart, and one of the shaft irons penetrated the front part of one hind leg

—The Burlington *Enterprise* states that *quo warranto* proceedings have been instituted for the purpose of ousting Alex Martin from his seat in Common Council The grounds for the application are not stated

—S B and E W Twining, of Yardleyville, have taken the contract for building a new wing of the State Prison in Trenton They have made arrangements for a supply of large dimension stone from Buckman's quarry at Newtown

—The dam at Belvidere broke out on Saturday and carried through the sluiceway a boat containing a party of ladies and gentlemen Mrs Reemers and daughter, Thomas Pressler, and Miss Crewley were drowned James Osfert and Mark Fisher were fatally injured by falling into the mill grinders

—The Bucks Co *Intelligencer* says that the driving horse of Hannah I Whitall of Wrightstown, Pa, was a colt running to pasture in the blue grass region of Kentucky 37 years ago She was brought to Philadelphia by a Mr Hogg and sold to Jacob Ewing, who kept her as a driving horse Miss Whitall has owned the horse 20 years

—The country between Scottsville and Brownsville seems to be infested with chicken thieves Three families has lost over one hundred fowls since last Spring The thefts have been committed in a very business like manner too, for the old chickens were taken first, while the young ones were not taken until they became fit for the market

—"And now the clam wagons from Toms river appear weekly Let dyspeptics fear them not, they are wholesome and easily digested, the opinions of old fogies to the contrary notwithstanding" So says the Yardleyville correspondent of the *Enterprise* We always thought clams were easily digested, but have grave doubts about clam *wagons*

—It is the desire of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture to open a correspondence with all farmers, clubs, granges and kindred organizations in the State To accomplish this, and facilitate the distribution of circulars and printed matter from the department, he requests that the Secretary of every such organization in the State should furnish him with the name of the club or grange, and the name and address of its President or Master and Secretary Address Thomas J Edge, State Board of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa

—The Philadelphia *Times*, speaking of a display of strawberries in that city last week, says There were two exhibits, one by William Parry, of Cinnaminson, N J., the other by E W. Durand, of Irvington, N. J. Mr Parry showed fifty quarts, in twenty-six varieties of which the Great American, with an average of eight inches in circumference, the Monarch, Star of the West and Pioneer, each five inches, were the most popular In the Durand exhibit the Great American berry was nine inches in circumference and weighed two ounces Beside this were large samples of the Luxuriant, Favorite, Early Prince, Beauty and Bachelor, selected from three thousand varieties.

—Franklin Willauer, a workman on the force of men employed by the Newtown Railroad Company at work in the cut near Garret Hallowell's mill, at Huntingdon Valley, was pretty badly hurt on last Thursday afternoon by a stroke on the hip from the point of a pick which was being handled by a new man on the force. The stroke was badly directed, and the pick glanced and struck Willauer with such force as to cause him to faint instantly. He was taken up by his comrades and laid in the shade, and every attention was extended to him which could be there bestowed He soon revived sufficiently to be able to walk up to Sickel's hall, where the workmen are at present quartered He felt very sore the next day, and it was supposed that the bone was fractured.

—The inhabitants of Bridgewater were thrown into quite an excitement on Wednesday morning by discovering that on the previous night the store of Geo. W. Sipler had been broken into and a large quantity of goods taken, the burglars taking things very leisurely and making a judicious choice of what would be most valuable to them After gathering their plunder they conveyed it to Schenck's sail boat and a batteau belonging to Robert Sanderson, and proceeded down the Neshaminy where the goods (it is supposed) were transferred to a larger boat since when no trace of them has been discovered. This is the third or fourth time Mr. Sipler's place has been robbed, but the robbers were never successful in carrying away as many goods as in the present instance

—The water lilies gathered from the mill pond, are sold by a number of boys and girls on our streets, which are sold at prices which are calculated to suit all customers.

Langhorne Notes.

The six excursion parties of last week and the four of this, to Langhorne Park, have brought hundreds of visitors to our vicinity, and all seemed well pleased with the natural beauties and comfortable homes of our borough Accidents have not been here.

A valuable Alderney cow, belonging to Thomas Homers, was killed by the cars at Woodbourne station

One of our enterprising young men, in trying the speed of his horse, ran over a little girl boarding here, bruising and frightening the child, but her injuries were not serious, yet it will serve as a warning to careless drivers in our streets

A horse belonging to Joseph Harding, and driven by Mr Hubbard, was badly frightened at the station last week, and ran away, breaking the carriage, and making it almost a complete wreck

Wm Tilton represents *The Beacon* of this place in the editorial excursion to the Water Gap

The two hills above here, leading to Newtown, are in an almost unsafe condition since the rain of last Saturday, and need the attention of the Supervisors

"Langhorne Park *Doings*," a daily paper issued from *The Beacon* office, for gratuitous circulation, is an attractive sheet to those interested in the prosperity of the neighborhood.

Bellevue is open for guests, with a fair prospect of success The genial hospitality of the hosts should invite a cordial support

Charlotte M Clark or "Chalk Level," who has given such satisfaction in her lecture of foreign life in other parts of the country, is about entering into an engagement to deliver a course of lectures next week at Bellevue We trust our people will show their appreciation by a goodly attendance

A strawberry and ice cream festival in the Brick hall, on Tuesday night, was a success

Morrisville Notes.

The Council held a special meeting on Monday night, the 11th inst, for the purpose of electing a collector The person elected was a very suitable and trusty one—Edward Bailey.

Mrs Young has recently purchased the store property which is at present in the hands of Messrs Magee & Barwis, of Mr Bailey, of Trenton

Gayly looked the excursion from Philadelphia, as it passed through here on its way to New York Bay and Hudson River

The hearts of the school children will be made glad in about three weeks by having vacation 'Tis warm weather for the active little ones to be confined in the school room during these beautiful summer days

A concert was given by Prof Dyer, in the school room, which was well attended

Morrisville Grove is a very popular resort, especially by Trentonians Picnics were held on the 9th, 11th, 15th, 18th, and 20th That on the 15th was a beautiful sight Seven hundred and fifty of the public school children of Chambersburg, with teachers, parents and friends spent the day there—returning at 6 P M. The 9th was the day that the men connected with the rolling mill, together with their families, had their day of pleasure

Newportville and Vicinity.

Boating upon the creek is all the rage now and every pleasant evening, the air resounds with the merry laugh and the charming singing of our young folks as they busily ply the oars

Russel Vandegrift, George Cumming and Charles Dingee, three of our young lads are down the creek "camping out" They took with them everything needful for enjoying themselves and they are doing nothing else than just that

The Social Union Club intend giving a private picnic, sometime in July

While unloading lumber from a car at Schenck's station on Monday, Aaron Broadnax, team driver for G W Boileau, met with a singular accident, a spark from a locomotive set fire to the back of his jacket and burned it nearly off before it was discovered to be on fire

EDITOR GAZETTE —Our neighbors on the other side of the Neshaminy seem to be having a lively time on the road question Last Spring they elected a new Supervisor, Asa Smith, who turns out to be a real live man Asa, as far as he has gone, has put the Bensalem highways in a condition such as they have not known for many years He has however met with an obstacle In repairing the old Bristol road he finds that one of the land owners, Robert Wood, has been building a new fence, and following an old custom, which is the fashion in many other townships of Bucks county, besides Bensalem, of appropriating a little of the highroad whenever a new fence is built. He has set his new fence out about three feet, placing it in the middle of the ditch by the roadside, and making an offset where it commences, which has a very unsightly appearance This was done on the presumption that the lawful width of the road was 33 feet It of course caught the eye of the vigilant supervisor at once, and he proceeded to investigate the matter, and he finds that the Bristol road is one of the old original roads granted by William Penn, and is a 40 feet road He has accordingly notified Mr Wood that the fence must be removed and the highway restored to its original lawful width The Supervisor has not stopped here, but has signified his intention of restoring the road to its lawful width wherever it is within his jurisdiction The commotion that this has created among the land owners on both sides of the road in Bensalem may be imagined, as there has been many and shameful encroachments on the public highway in this township

A CORRECTION —Jesse Moon, of Penn's Manor, to correct a statement that appeared in last week's GAZETTE, writes as follows "I saw in your paper of last week's issue that I was erecting a new tobacco building in consequence of my old one being built insecurely Such is not the case, as the old one is as firm as a rock, as it were The reason why I am building a new tobacco house is, I have not room enough for the tobacco which I raise, and I am building a new wagon (or carriage) house combined."

—Gas is made in San Francisco from sawdust, tar, and rubbish, such as rags, old leather, bones—in fact, everything that is usually thrown away—in the proportions of 25 per cent. tar, the same percentage of saw dust, and 50 per cent. of the miscellaneous matter The inventor says he can make this gas for 25 cents 1,000 feet, and furnish it to customers at $1 The light produced is said to be equal to that from coal gas

—A French machinist has discovered that by keeping his turning tools constantly wetted with petroleum he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although when the tools were used without the oil their edges were turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine

—The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there would be a deposit of salt over the entire bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep, and if the salt were taken and spread on the land it would cover it to a depth of 900 feet.

—A floor cloth is now being manufactured, composed of cork, making a warm, soft and very handsome durable floor covering Its claims to extraordinary durability have been thoroughly tested; it is printed in handsome designs, and sold by all carpet dealers.

—France is importing horses from La Plata, and of a cargo recently landed at Havre no less than fifty were purchased for the use of the army.

☞ To Mothers —Should the Baby be suffering with any of the disorders of Babyhood use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup at once for the trouble. 25 cents per bottle.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game

Contributions for this department should be addressed "Editor of Rod and Gun column," Bucks County Gazette, Bristol Pa No anonymous communications will be noticed Names will not be published if objection be made

The return of the salmon to our river being now an indisputable fact, the Fish Commissioners of New Jersey intend continuing their efforts with renewed zeal One of the Board stated last week that he would willingly have given a twenty dollar bill for the fine specimen caught at Robbins' wharf It is probable that the Commissioners of Pennsylvania and of New Jersey will claim that the returning fish are the fruit of their labors, but we shall not consider such claim just, until it is ascertained whether the fish were Atlantic salmon (*salmo salar*) or Pacific salmon (*salmo quinnat*) The *salmo salar* were introduced into the Delaware in 1871 by the late Thaddeus Norris, of Philadelphia, under disadvantages which resulted in considerable loss. In the following year, Mr Norris personally superintended the hatching and turning into the stream above Easton of 11,000 of the same variety In 1873, he again undertook the task, placing 27,000 in the Delaware At the same time, Dr J H Slack was also turning large numbers of young salmon (*s salar*) into the river from his private hatching houses at Troutdale, N J We are not aware of the introduction of the other variety (*salmo quinnat*) until 1874, at which time a large invoice of eggs arrived from California, and the fry were deposited by our Commissioners We believe that the salmon caught at Riverton and Penn's Manor were of the number deposited in the stream prior to the appointment of the Commission, and paid for out of funds derived from private subscription Were either Dr Slack or Mr. Norris now living, this substantial proof of the good results of their labors would amply repay them for their toil and trouble

The report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for 1876, makes no mention of the hatching of a single shad during the year In 1875 the shad hatching in the Delaware was taken in charge by the New Jersey Commission, our State bearing half the expense We learn from the report, that the number hatched and safely set swimming in the Delaware, near Black's Eddy, amounted to 1,400,000 The Commission claims to have placed 215,000 California salmon in the Delaware, and 298,000 in the Susquehanna during the past year 4,300 land locked salmon have been placed in Harvey's Lake, Luzerne county, in charge of an association of gentleman who will endeavor to protect them Black bass are reported to have succeeded admirably. We think that our shad fishermen would be better pleased to hear of their extermination The bass are as voracious as they are prolific, and we are inclined to believe that our shore fisherman are correct in the opinion that the bass is the most deadly enemy of the shad, the salmon, and the trout

During the last session of our Legislature a concurrent resolution was adopted, providing for the appointment of five senators and five representatives, to make a careful examination of the operations of the fish department, to employ clerical assistance, if necessary, and a competent engineer, and to report whether a suitable fishway can be constructed at the Columbia dam, or the existing fishway at that point changed to enable the fish to overcome the obstructions, also to report what action is necessary to secure the restoration of the fisheries of the State Hon Harman Yerkes is one of this committee. A meeting was held in Philadelphia during last week, and the committee has fairly entered upon its labors If a thorough examination is had they will find that the existing fishway at Columbia is a perfect fraud If shad could jump out of the water and walk up stairs, they might be able to ascend it A resident of that neighborhood, a civil engineer of deservedly high repute, informs us that it could be so altered as to afford a ready passage to the fish, but that in its present condition it is practically useless

The fish warden of Gloucester county has a good record for vigilance in attending to his duties He patrolled his beat with a steam tug during all the hours in which fishing is proscribed, and—in addition to preventing any violations of the fishing laws—he captured a number of fishermen, with their boats and nets, who were fishing between "sunset on Saturday and midnight on Monday," and secured a small revenue to the State by the sale of the confiscated nets and boats.

The Sportsman's Association of Reading, Berks county, have leased the shooting and fishing privileges of three thousand acres of forest, field and stream, and are diligently stocking them with game and fish They pay each of the fifteen farmers who own the land five dollars a year, and divide the proceeds of fines with the land owner on whose territory the game is killed Could not good shooting and fishing be obtained in Bucks county in the same manner?

The West Jersey Game Protective Association entered energetically into the project of stocking land and water with game and fish, and the effort has proven a success In all these projects the sportsman and farmer must co-operate The farmer protects the birds, and has better shooting for himself and friends, the gunner sees that fences are unharmed, gates carefully shut, and bars put up after being taken down, and that no injury is done to crops or domestic fowls The existence of a mutual understanding, and a strict adherence thereto, results in mutual benefit

A number of gentlemen residing along the river, have made arrangements for the employment of detectives in Bristol borough and township, Bensalem and Penn's Manor, to enforce the game laws

Don't forget that woodcock shooting does not commence until Fourth of July Speedy justice should await all who violate the law

Almost every county in Maryland has a special game law. The general game law of that State, passed in 1862, permitted woodcock shooting after June 10th, but in some counties it is now prohibited until November

The game laws of Virginia, approved April 3rd, 1877, protect woodcock and bass until July 1st

Woodcock shooting in New York State, commences August 1st, on Long Island, July 4th, in New Jersey, July 4th

The stopping place of the John A Warner, down the bay, is said to be an excellent fishing and gunning ground.

Parties intending gunning excursions in Jersey, must procure a permit from the West Jersey Game Association, if they go below Burlington county.

Black bass, pike and pickerel, are not in season until July 1st, penalty $10 The same penalty accrues for catching these fish in nets at any season of the year, or in any other manner than with a rod, hook and line, out line, or scroll.

Trout weighing from three to four pounds are not unfrequently caught from the Water Gap up

Fishing in Rancocas creek is prohibited for three years, by law of April 8th, 1875

Salmon and trout will be in season until August 15th.

A female quail was caught by Sam Ablce, near Mill and Wood streets on Saturday evening. The bird was kindly cared for and will be let loose on one of the farms near by.

Commissioner Anderson, of New Jersey, resumed shad hatching operations at Point Pleasant on Friday

We are indebted to Senator Yerkes and Representative Leaw for copies of the game laws of Pennsylvania and reports of the Fish Commissioners.

Frank Buckland, the celebrated naturalist, says: "A gentleman in the train near Inverness, informed me that a salmon, a native of the River Conon, was once caught in the nets at Aberdeen The fish had been previously marked in the Conon by a ring put through his back fin, in two and a half days afterward the same fish was caught in the ring pools at the foot of the falls of Conon Besides the power of smell to distinguish their own rivers salmon no doubt have a homing instinct which we civilized men do not possess

The Abingdon *Virginian* says that Mr Joseph Sprouls, near Mendota, has a very large black perch in his spring, and which he has had in there for five years He can go to the water's edge, pick it up, rub it, feed it, and play with it, all of which it seems to enjoy, as would a dog, horse or other animal We tried it, and it was as playful with us as with Mr Sprouls He caught it five years ago out of the North Fork of the Holston with a hook and put it into his spring and has kept it there and made a special pet of it ever since It is about twenty inches long and from four to six wide

A large number of woodcock, it is reported, have made their appearance in the neighborhood of Morris Plains, New Jersey Many ducks, principally black, were there in March

It is told that Mr Caleb Cushing's great delight is to go fishing, furthermore that work is his idol, his rest, change of work His income as a lawyer in Washington used to be not less than $50,000 He returns there now to practice his profession at 7- years of age

Change of Color in Birds—I cannot understand "the gradual absorption of coloring material" from a white feather, but that the white spots in the feathers of the great northern diver are obliterated by the pouring in of a black pigment, I am quite certain, as seen and described before by myself in the *Zoologist*, on the back plumage of the northern diver Whether the black of the neck plumage changes by absorption in the autumnal change I cannot say, but I have one of the best specimens of the great northern diver in summer plumage I ever saw, in which the back plumage is perfect, and the change from white to black in the neck plumage is evidently taking place by "moult," and not change of color I am of opinion, in these birds, the autumnal change is a change of color, whilst the spring change is a change of feathers by moult —*Stephen Clogg*

Alms House Investigations.

EDITOR GAZETTE —In our government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," it is incumbent, and the public duty of the examiners of the affairs of this institution, that a full, frank, and thorough examination should be made and published Whether there has been any improper management, jobbery or wrong doing, the amount of county indebtedness, if any—as we have been made to believe that our finances are in a flourishing condition, whether counsel or other fees have been paid and charged under other heads

Party predilections should not shroud or cover up corrupt practices, if attempted to be covered up, retribution will follow

The enormous amount of corruption in a great many of our public institutions, daily exposed to the public gaze as in New York, Philadelphia, and many other places is truly alarming to the reflecting portion of the people

For some time the school masters and various professors of learning have been abroad to instruct the people—it would be desirable for the auditors of our public institutions, instead of placing the varied expenditures in gross amount, to specify each and every item, from a paper of pins to the largest single item By this means the tax payers might then see how their hard earnings are disposed of

June 18 1877 A TAX PAYER

—A young lady belonging to a respectable London family lately sneezed thirty six hours without ceasing Two doctors were in continuous attendance without being able to give any relief The poor girl is described as having been fearful to see Her eyes nearly fell from their orbits, huge drops of perspiration fell from her forehead, and she grew thin by visible degrees She had to be calmed by chloroform, but it was not till after the thirty sixth hour that she was effectually cured It is known perhaps that the cure—rather a delicate one to apply in this case—is to hold people upside down It is good for many human troubles, and saved Brummel's life—being his own suggestion, in fact he made money by it—for he brought in half a sovereign which otherwise would have remained lost in his gullet

☞ Every effect must have a cause, so Boils, Pimples etc, are the result of poor blood Purify the blood by using Dr Bull's Blood Mixture and banish such eruptions as those named

MARRIED

TICE—STINE —June 11th, 1877, by Rev J S Cook Mr James M Tice and Miss Emma M Stine, all of Bristol

DIED

DEKEUHN —June 20th, 1877 George Dekeuhn, aged 28 years

The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday morning, June 24th at 10 o'clock from the residence of Charles Myers, Jr, Tullytown, Bucks County, Pa

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

PHILADELPHIA, June 19 1877—4 P M

EDITOR GAZETTE —The market has been featureless to-day, depending entirely upon the New York market for "points" and fluctuating wildly as the indicator suggested Under the circumstances little can be said about the market, the opening and closing quotations giving pretty much the entire history of the day In Lehigh Valley there was however, some little activity caused by the scarcity of cash stock, and the unlucky borrowers were forced in many instances to pay a bonus for their certificates The bulls were enabled thereto to bid the price of the stock up without serious opposition and the closing quotation will be found to show a decided advance

Penn R R opened at 30 and gradually sold up to 30½, closing 30⅛ ½, with the last sales at 30⅛, a 5

Reading sold at 11⅞ ¼, ending 11¾ 12

Lehigh Nav opened at 18 and went to 18⅜, closing 18 18⅜

Lehigh Valley sold up to 30, ending 30 bid

There was a little more demand for money, at 4 to 5 per cent

Gold opened 5⅞ sales and bid sold off to 5⅛, closing 5¼ bid

Money in New York closes 1½ per cent

Yours Truly, HARIS & SMITH

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday June 20, 5 P M

FLOUR —The market is quiet at strong there being very little demand for export or local consumption Sales of 1700 bbls, Minnesota extra family and four at $8 25 do do good, at $8 50 very choice at $8 60 a 8 75 fancy at $9 Pennsylvania do do good, at $9 choice at $9 10 a 9 15 fancy at 9 25, very high grade at $9 50, St Louis do do good at $9 Kentucky amber at $9 25 and other fancy brands at $9 75 a 10 Rye Flour sells at $4 25 a 4 50

GRAIN —Choice amber Wheat is in fair request, but other grades are very dull sales of 3000 bushels Western red, low grade at $1 50 Pennsylvania red, in lots, at $1 90 a 1 95, do amber at $2 02 a 2 05, Southern do at $2 05 Rye is rather unsettled in price Western is held at 85c Southern Jersey at 88 a 91c Corn moves slowly, sales of 25,000 bushels Southern, Pennsylvania and Western yellow, in the cars and grain depot, at 61c Western high mixed, in the cars, at 59 a 60c, sail, mixed Western, spot, in elevator, at 58½c Oats of choice quality are firm, sales of 9 800 bushels Pennsylvania and Western white, fair and prime, at 47 a 50c mixed and medium grades at 43 a 45, and Pennsylvania fancy at 52 a 54

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday June 18 5 P M

The Cattle market was moderately active this week but prices were without material change 2800 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6½ a 7¼c for extra Pennsylvania and Western Steers, 5¾ a 6¼c for fair to good do, and 4 a 5½c per lb gross for common, according to quality The market closed dull within the above range of prices Sheep were dull and rather weak, sales at 4 a 5½c per lb receipts 3,000 head Hogs sold to a fair extent at 6½ a 6¾c for sloppers, 6¾ a 6⅞c, for common corn-fed and 7½ a 7¾c for good Chicago do, receipts, 3700 head

At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard Beef Cattle were unchanged, 900 head sold at 6 a 7½c per lb, as to condition Sheep were dull, 1700 head sold at 5 a 5½c per lb gross, as to condition Hogs were in fair demand, 600 head at 6½ a 7¼c per lb, as to quality

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week Loads of Hay, 316, Straw, 95 loads Average price during week Prime Timothy, $1 15 to $1 25, Mixed $1 00 to $1 15 Straw 60c a 75c per 100 lbs

New and Notable.

☞ For gentlemen's cheap furnishing goods go to Tyler's Next door to the Post Office

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's Next door to the Post Office

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's Next door to the Post Office

☞ Dobbin's starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J Wesley Wright's store It costs but little to try it

—The coal in New York last week showed a further decline of about 25 cents per ton The following are the prices realized Lump, per ton, $2 50 and $2 65, steamer, $2 12½ and $2 50, grate, $2 45 and $2 65, egg, $2 45 and $2 65, chestnut, $2 42½ and $2 52½, pea $2 05

Special Notices.

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills.

These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients it must do great injury for its tendency is to confine the morbid matter in the system, which of course, must make a cure impossible Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium it is composed of powerful but harmless herbs which act on the lungs liver, stomach and blood and thus correct all morbid secretions and expel all the diseased matter from the body These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way It is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonary Consumption Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions Dr Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed

USE DR. PURSELL'S

Fever and Ague Mixture.

USE DR PURSELL'S FEVER AND AGUE MIXTURE Use Dr Pursell's Fever and Ague Mixture 667

A TIME-HONORED SPECIFIC.—The long and successful career of DR WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL is contrasted with the speedy collapse of nostrums devoid of efficacy which have from time to time been puffed into a brief notoriety during the twenty odd years that this celebrated medicine has been sold, affords a proof that the American public continues to repose its confidence in deserving articles only The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL has long been recognized as the leading specific for Consumption, Bronchitis Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Diptheria, and all other diseases of the breathing organs It is moreover a certain specific, and a safe and sure remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Disorders Scrofulous Affections Urinary Troubles Gravel, Dropsy Debility Constipation and Female Complaints Constantly accumulating evidence of an unimpeachable character establishes the fact that it not only entirely eradicates the diseases to which it is adapted, but also that its action is remarkably prompt and thorough The crucial test of experience has demonstrated its reliability in every particular Sold by all druggists Principal Depot No 916 Filbert St, Philadelphia 604

DEATH TO WORMS.

DR. ALBURGER'S WORM SYRUP is pleasant to take and is recommended by all Physicians It has saved the lives of thousands of children and no family should be without it Prepared only by DR ALBURGER, Corner of Third and Thompson Philadelphia, proprietor of ALBURGER'S German Dyspepsia Bitters and Worm Syrup

Advice at the office gratis

For sale by Druggists and country store keepers 446

JOHN W EARLEY,

Wholesale and Retail

Cheap Toy and Variety Store,

NO 103 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Express Wagons,	Rocking Horses,
Baby Coaches	Wax Dolls
Mechanical Toys,	Wheelbarrows
596	Patent Doll Heads and Bodies

New Advertisements.

New Crop Turnip Seed.

PURPLE TOP and WHITE FLAT YELLOW GLOBE and YELLOW ABERDEEN SWEDISH RUSSIAN or RUTA BAGA, YELLOW and WHITE

And other varieties of Turnip Seeds Also a variety of Garden Seeds for succession

J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S,

Farm Implement and Seed Warehouse

88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Loose Grain or Oats Forks

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of TAYLOR & SMITH is this day dissolved by mutual consent The business of Painting Paper Hanging etc, will be continued and accounts due and debts owed by the firm will be settled by S Taylor S TAYLOR

June 21, 1877 A S SMITH 856

Wanted.

A WOMAN TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK Apply at THIS OFFICE

Three Houses For Sale.

ONE ON WALNUT STREET, ONE ON SWAIN STREET, and ONE ON SPRUCE STREET Apply to

849 JOHN DORRANCE

For Sale or to Let.

A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE in BATH STREET, BRISTOL—possession given immediately Also TWO LOTS ON SWAIN STREET Apply to A J HIBBS

843

To Let.

A SIX ROOM HOUSE, about three miles from Bristol A large vegetable garden belonging to the house Terms, $6 per month Inquire at THIS OFFICE

817

Will Sell at a Sacrifice.

HOUSE ON RADCLIFFE STREET near Catholic Church Very easy terms Will trade for vacant lots or farm lands

440 J R WOOD 58 Mill Street

For Sale.

AN ALDERNEY COW, full blood, fine milker, fresh Apply at

844 THIS OFFICE

This cut represents the TRADE MARK that will be found upon the arm of every **GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.** The name of "The Singer Manufacturing Company" is also printed on the top of the arm, all others not bearing this trade-mark and name are worthless imitations. Beware of them. Buy only of our regular agents The Singer has for years been the great popular machine, and more of them are sold than of all others put together **Last year its sales** amounted to **262,316 machines.** It was also the leading machine at the Centennial and carried off more honors than any other, having received **four awards** and a resolution of thanks from the Centennial authorities, and a "scroll of honor" from the ladies connected with the Women's Department of the Exhibition The Singer, leading its competitors in everything else, led them also in reducing prices, by placing the machine that formerly sold for **SIXTY,** at **THIRTY DOLLARS** and making a like reduction on all other styles **Having skilled agents only** to sell our machines, purchasers may be sure of **getting proper instructions,** and are **guaranteed satisfaction** in every particular Send for circular Orders by mail promptly attended to

857 THE SINGER MFG CO, Philadelphia Office, 1106 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia.

John Wanamaker's STORE.

For the Distribution, at uniformly low prices, of Reliable Dry Goods, Ready Made Suits, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children; Hats, Boots and Shoes, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every kind.

Goods sent all over the U. S. by Mail, and samples sent when requested.

GRAND DEPOT, 13th St., Phila.

ABSOLUTE SALE!

FAR EXCEEDING

Anything we Ever Expected to Do.

Determined to unload the overwhelming stock piled upon our hands through changes in our business this is to give Extended and Specific Notice that we began on Saturday, June 2nd a Great Sale of our own well known

Philadelphia Made Men and Boy's Clothing!

To accomplish what we have undertaken WE WILL SACRIFICE everything but our REPUTATION FOR RELIABLE CLOTHING, and in fixing these NEW PRICES we have left out the cost only considering what the people will take the goods at FOR EXAMPLE

A large lot (600) Marseilles Vests at 75c —less the price of making

A large lot of Fancy Dark Mixed Coats at $8 00—some of them cost $10 to make

A splendid lot of Fine Fancy Wool Cassimere Pants at $4 00—actually worth $6 00

A lot of Colored Cloth Fancy Coats at $4 50

A very fine lot of Schnabel's Celebrated Imported Suitings $27 for a full Suit—best, made to measure, $65

A lot of Custom Made Dress Diagonals Fancy Worsted Cloth Finished Coats, costing as high as $30—will close out the lot at $12 25

A lot of Custom Made Fine Fancy Cassimere and Cloth Coats costing as high $20—$9 96

Lot Black Doeskin Pants from $8 down to $5.

Lot Black Cloth Vests from $5 down to $2 50

500 Extra Quality Indigo Blue Cloth finished Flannel Suits at $11 25 the whole suit

60 Elegant Scotch Cheviot Suits at $ 50 for Coat Pants and Vest

116 Fancy Mixed Cheviot Suits at $0 for Coat, Pants and Vest

IN YOUTHS SUITS Our selection is adapted to suit all, is still highly low

IN BOYS GOODS—Elegant Cassimere Suits for $6 15—price in the early part of the season $11

Very Fine Rock Cassimere Suits at $7 50—sold everywhere for double the money

Child's Suit, $4—always sold heretofore for $6

GOODS ARE ALL MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR FRONT, ACCESSIBLE BY THE ELEVATOR—BEST LIGHTED ROOM IN THE HOUSE

A mammoth stock so excessively large that we can scarcely turn round, even though we have secured another warehouse to store some of the goods

KEEP IN MIND!

The goods are not country made wholesale stock, but

PHILADELPHIA WORKMEN'S EXCELLENT WORK,

And such an opportunity is the result of the peculiar circumstances of a huge overstock

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL. OAK HALL.

S. E. Corner Sixth and Market Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

NO MORE LAMP CHIMNEYS.

THE CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR.

Greatest Invention of the Age.

Perfect Light. No More Lamp Chimneys. No More Breakage. No More Cleaning.

The CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR is unsurpassed for simplicity, perfection of light and cheapness THE great objection heretofore to coal oil lamps has been the frequent breaking of chimneys making it a very expensive light It has therefore employed the minds of inventors to try to abolish this evil which has finally been accomplished by the invention of the CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR It gives brilliancy of light together with perfect safety

Complete Lamps can be applied to all gas fixtures and the "Illuminator" to all family lamps with a saving of 200 per cent for the same light as gas **GEO. WAGNER, General Agent, Office, 221 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia Pa.**

Address orders by mail as above Agents wanted 658

LADIES' AND GENTS'

OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,

227 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

655 **R. W. VERMILYA.**

Z. I. Leonard's Jewelry Store,

NO. 1729 GERMANTOWN AVENUE,

PHILADELPHIA.

Repairing of Fine Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes Spectacles and Nose Glasses to suit all sights A large stock of Clocks, at prices to suit the times Repairing done at the shortest notice, and lower than any establishment up-town by

667 **M. K. STUART, Watchmaker and Jeweller.**

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,

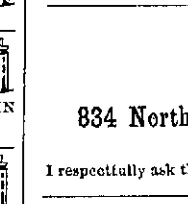
Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA. 709

HENRY EHRESMANN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

676 **2140 North Front Street, Philadelphia,**



CHRISTIAN SCHWANEBERG;

Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,

Retail Store, 341 N. Second St. & 622 Girard Ave., Philada.,

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he has a large stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Of his own manufacture, and of superior quality, which he will sell **LOW FOR CASH,** and cheaper than the same class of goods can be obtained at any other house WHOLESALE AND RETAIL 540

C. F. STEINBACH,

Photographer,

834 North Second Street, below Poplar Street, Philadelphia.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING

I respectfully ask the readers of this paper to give me a call before going elsewhere,—all I ask is a trial. 696

DR. FRANK'S

DRUG STORE,

Kensington Avenue below Somerset Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE readers of this advertisement in want of First-Class Drugs or Patent Medicines, will find we can sell as cheap as the cheapest Prescriptions carefully put up at all hours 379

For Sale.

A FRESH COW for sale cheap Gives 18 quarts of milk Address THIS OFFICE

851

For Sale.

TWO NEW SIX LIGHT GILT CHANDELIERS, (Cornelius & Sons), late pattern and best make, at a sacrifice. F McMURTRIE

851

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loafing on my premises at the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law JARED HELLINGS.

845

For Sale.

For Sale on Easy Terms or will Exchange for Bristol Property.

A DESIRABLE FARM OF 58 ACRES on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, New Jersey, 22 miles from Philadelphia, three minutes walk from railroad station The improvements consist of a first-class house, two stories, eight square rooms, with good outbuildings, cellar under the whole house, a never failing well at the kitchen door, about 20 acres under a good state of cultivation, the balance in timber, abundance of fruit about 200 pear trees, 50 peach trees, 20 apple trees near an acre of blackberries and strawberries each, about 1,000 grape vines, and other small fruits For further particulars inquire of THOMAS BARNARD, 18 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa

852

For Sale.

ONE Seven per cent First Mortgage of $800 One ditto of $1,000. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

703

EVERYBODY CHEWS "GREY EAGLE."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

From Fraser's Magazine.

A HOLIDAY.

Out of the city, far away
With spring to-day!
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose,
Wood sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care,
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal crowded wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gently murmuring flow
Cares glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges
Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fever'd lips, like fresh soft mead
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue
Like heav'n in view,
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.

Is this the better oracle,
Or what streets tell?
O base confusion, falsehood, strife,
Man puts in life!
Sink, thou life Measurer!—I can say
"I've lived a day;"
And memory holds it now in keeping,
Awake or sleeping.

ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

The death of a parrot was thus announced in the *General Evening Post* for the 9th of October 1802; "A few days ago died in Half-moon street, Piccadilly, the celebrated parrot of Col. O'Kelly. This singular bird sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner nearly approaching to rationality. Her age was not known; it was, however, more than thirty years, for, previously to that period, Col. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol for a hundred guineas. The Colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas a year for the bird by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of her; but this, out of tenderness for his favorite, he constantly refused." This parrot, we are told, "beat time with all the appearance of science, and so accurate was its judgment that if by chance it mistook a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake was made, correct itself, and, still beating regular time, go through the whole with wonderful exactness."

In Willoughby's translation of *Clusius, his Discourse and Account of Parrots*, we read as follows: "The noble Philip Marnixius of St. Aldegond had a parrot whom I have oft heard laugh like a man, when he was by the bystanders bidden so to do in the French tongue, in these words, '*Riez, perroquet, riez.*' [Laugh, parrot, laugh;] yea, which was more wonderful, it would presently add in the French tongue as if it had been endued with reason, but doubtless so taught: '*O le grand sot qui me fait rire!*' [O what a fool to make me laugh!] and was wont to repeat these words twice or thrice." This has sometimes been adduced as a proof of the great intelligence of parrots. It is evidently, however, rather an illustration of memory and association of ideas, which, along with other things, will be found illustrated also in the following account communicated to us of a parrot in London:

A blue macaw in Brook's menagerie imitated to perfection the snarling, barking, and howling of dogs, and the cackling and crowing of fowls, and would also astonish the visitors by its readiness in mimicking any peculiar voice in the company. Dr. Thornton bought the bird for fifteen guineas; but it moped, sickened, and seemed to have lost all imitative power till it was released from captivity and allowed the range of the house. Then it speedily recovered health and regained the beauty of its plumage, made itself perfectly at home, became very loquacious, and played many amusing tricks. Its sense of smelling was very acute, and it was generally the first to announce that dinner was ready. Its mode of showing gratitude or satisfaction was by half expanding its wings with a gentle tremulous flutter of the feathers, and uttering a low and not unpleasing note. If food was proffered which its instinct or caprice rejected it would take it with its foot and throw it down with an exclamation which sounded like "*There!*" Food that was to its liking was carefully examined, tasted, and then conveyed to the bird's own tin dish, in which it was packed close by pressure with the bill. If any of the children fell or where hurt, Poll was the first to give the alarm, and did not cease clamoring till the cause was attended to. Dr. Thornton's son taught this parrot to descend from its perch at word of command, and to stand upon his finger; then on another order, it turned back downward, and hung on the finger by one foot, retaining its hold, although swung about ever so violently. Like many other parrots and cockatoos, it was evidently vain and very susceptible of flattery and was generally prompt in complying, if asked, to extend its wings and show their beauty. It would walk on the ground backward if ordered to do so, walking in this direction with the utmost ease. It was extremely fond of music; and with movements of the feet along the perch, danced to all lively tunes, its wings also moving, and its head moving backward and forward in correct time. By a peculiar working of the serratures or file which all parrots have in the upper mandible, against the lower, it diligently strove to imitate the noise made by a scissors-grinder who weekly visited the street; but finding that this alone did not quite serve the purpose, it had recourse to the expedient of striking its claws against its tin-covered perch, and, accurately observing the time of the turning of the wheel, effected so exact an imitation once or twice a day, that the neighbors said the man had become a perpetual nuisance.

From the same source with the foregoing we derive the following account of another parrot. A lady had a gray parrot of four years old, that learned new words and sentences every day, and made surprisingly correct application of them. Enjoying perfect freedom, he would sometimes indulge in the expensive luxury of mischief, upon which his mistress would scold him, when he would indignantly, reply: "Not a naughty Poll." "Not a bold bad bird;" and a naughty Poll." "Not a bold bad bird;" and reiterate, with stamping of his right foot and an up-and-down movement of his body: "I am not—I am not!" When she praised him, he would tell her that she was a darling, and that he loved her. He was very jealous of attentions paid to children, and when he saw them caressed would cry: "Go away, bold gal!" or "Go away, bold boy!" using the terms girl and boy with accurate discrimination. He remembered every name that he heard, and applied it correctly to the person. Once seeing a visitor without a dog he was accustomed to have with him, he called the dog by name and whistled for him, although neither the gentleman nor his dog had been at the house for some months. He would mimic a visitor taking off coat or shawl, as if trying to divest himself of his wings, and no one laughed more heartily at his performances than he did himself. He would play with the cats till tired of them, and then whistle for the dogs to chase them away. He was often allowed to be out of doors, and the crows would fly away in alarm from a tree when he got upon it, he calling *good mornings* after them with great apparent delight.

"Let me catch you doing that again!" called out a parrot to some boys who had given a runaway ring to the door-bell of a house at Acton. One of the boys seeing no one but the bird in the cage, and struck with a feeling of awe, called next day and apoligized to the owner of the house. As he was quitting the hall, Poll exclaimed, "O, then, you won't do that again." —*Chamber's Journal.*

SPIRITUALISM IN BRICKSBURG.

An astonishing account of spiritualisic performances by Mrs. M. F. Delaney is published in the *Banner of Light*, over the signatures of Dr. Matthews Howard, of 721 De Kalb avenue Brooklyn, and three other residents of that city. Mrs. Delaney lives in Bricksburg, N. J. The four witnesses aver that in her seances they have heard "raps, knockings, and concussions in various degrees, and from all surrounding objects—from the tiny-rap to powerful blows which shook the house and threatened, seemingly, to demolish the substance which received them; imitations of various sounds, such as cannonading, the rattle of musketry, drum rolls, bugle calls, the measured tramp of infantry, sounds as of cavalry charging, Indian war dances, imitations of the human voice, fife and flute sounds, cars, and steamboats in motion—the latter being perfect in the imitation of the rattle of machinery and the quivering of the hull of the vessel." These wonderful noises, so say the four witnesses, appropriately precede communications from spirits. Thus, the military sounds denote the coming of a soldier, and the music that of a musician. Mrs. Delaney does the things ordinarily done by mediums, such as producing materialized forms, written messages from the spirit world, and rappings in great variety. It seems, however, that nobody except believers are to witness these marvels, for the four witnesses say: "It is time that the tables should be turned. It is the self-sufficient scientist, the skeptic, and the bigot who should be put on their good behavior hereafter. They should be made to prove their own worthiness and honesty of purpose before being allowed to approach the sanctuaries of the new dispensation."

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, abhorred smoking. His Quaker council one day, observing him approach, laid down their pipes. "I am glad to see," said Penn, "you are ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," returned a principal Friend; "we only laid them down lest we should offend a weak brother."

Bristol.

THE
Cheapest Store in Bucks County.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's heavy working shoes, $1.00; mens strong plough shoes, $1.35; boys stout shoes, 85 cts; mens Congress gaiters, $1.75; mens boots, tapped sole, $2.50; finest hand-sewed boots, $4.00; gents sewed walking shoes, $1.75; ladies lasting laced shoes, $1.00; ladies pebble leather buttoned shoes, $1.15; ladies slippers, 65 cts; children's shoes from 62 cts up.

DRY GOODS.

Ladies braided skirts, 65 cts; elegant ball fringe, 18 cts, yd; gents fine linen handkerchiefs, 2 for 25 cts; ladies fine linen handkerchiefs, 7cts; skirt braid, 5 cts; Cheviot shirting, 8 cts. yd; sun bonnets, 25 cts; elegant embroidered handkerchiefs, 6 cts.; spool cotton 6 cts.; pins 2 cts. paper; children linen suits, $1.50; ladies suits, $1.75; Summer shawls 75 cts. up; crash, 10 cts. yd; calico, 5 cts. yd.; table linen, 20 and 22 cts. yd.; ladies and childrens straw hats, in endless variety, at prices to suit all; French flowers, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cts. spray; elegant dress goods, 8 cts. yd; muslin, 5 cts. up; all wool cassimers, 50 and 75 cts.; a large stock of embroidery, 5cts, yd. up; ladies', gents' and childrens' hose 6 cts, up.

CLOTHING.

Mens and boys coats, $1.00, $1.25, up; splendid vests, 65 cts.; strong working pants, 85 cts.; $1.00; good working shirts, 35 and 45 cts.; gents fine linen dress shirts, 75 cts.; calico shirts, 50 cts.; summer under shirts, 25 cts.; blue flannel shirts, $1.00 and $1.25 gum coats, $2.00; blankets, 85 cts, and $1.00; overalls; 35 and 40 cts., boys elegant suits, $2.50; matting 25 cts. yd; oil cloth, 31 cts. mens and boys suspenders, 10 cts. up; paper collars, 5 cts.; best linen faced, 10 cts. box; mens and boys hats and caps, 10 cts. up.

GROCERIES.

Green peas, 7 cts. qt.; glass tumblers, 45 cts. doz.; splendid goblets, 50 and 60 cts. doz.; beans, 5 cts. qt.; black or green tea siftings, 25 cts. lb.; splendid Oolong tea, 35 cts.; mixed tea, 40 cts. lb.; French prunes, 6 cts. lb.; dried apples, 5 cts. qt.; wash blue, 2 boxes for 5 cts; Dobbins' starch polish, 10 cts. box; best layer raisins, 3 lbs. for 25 cts.; mackeral, $1.00 kit, washing soap, 3 and 4 cts.; stove polish, 3 cts.; lard, 12 cts. lb.; coffee, 18 cts. lb.; Rio coffee, 23 cts. lb.; Java, 33 cts.; best rice, 5 cts. lb; best starch 5 cts. lb.

Everything cheap for CASH—NO TRUST.

J. H. WOOD,
58 Mill Street, Bristol.

Wholesale Office, No. 6 Strawberry St., Philadelphia.

LOOK HERE!

For Six Weeks from the 1st of June

I will take One Dozen CARTE DE VISITES PHOTOGRAPHS for TWO DOLLARS, just half price.

I have also invented a new mode of lighting the face during the sitting, which will give the face more roundness and clearness.

Now is Your Chance for Six Weeks Only.

J. H. BOSTWICK.

816

JOSEPH PARKER,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Bristol and vicinity that he will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of

PURE DRUGS,
Patent Medicines,
CHEMICALS, &c.,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
PERFUMERY,
Pure Wines and Liquors

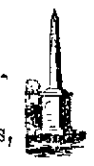
for strictly medicinal purposes. Also a new stock of
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY, DYE STUFFS, &c.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.

Ice Cold Soda with Choice Syrups, Five Cents per glass. 831

NEW
MARBLE YARD.

WILLIAM DAVIS,
Marble Cutter.



Having leased the lot at corner of
Market and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL,

Is prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, ELABORATE, SIMPLE or MASSIVE. Cemetery Lots Enclosed, in every style

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

As cheap as can be done elsewhere.

☞ Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere. 780

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTERS,

Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.

CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

KEEP COOL!

LEWIS PATTERSON & SON

ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL WITH NICE

CLEAR ICE,

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES,

Delivered at their residences or stores every morning.

Orders may be sent through the Post Office and will receive prompt attention. 832

TAX NOTICE.

THE TREASURER WILL BE AT THE
TOWN HALL,
ON TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
June 26th and 27th,

From 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., to receive the Borough Tax for 1877.

C. W. PIERCE, JR., Treasurer.

Bristol, May 16, 1877. 811

New Tin Store---Up Town.

ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils, always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

New Meat Shop,
Walnut St., bet. Cedar and Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c., at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of

DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

A. K. HOFF'S
BREAD, PIE AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY,
NO. 28 MILL STREET,

Second door above Cedar, BRISTOL, PA.

☞ All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. 389

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST.
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

CAUTION.

THE
Langhorne and Hulmeville Beacon

IS the "HULMEVILLE BEACON" formerly published by William Tilton. Any other paper in the county bearing the name of "BEACON" has an unlawful title, and is infringing upon our rights.

THOMAS EASTBURN, Publisher.

June 6. 848 LANGHORNE, PA.

Bristol.

The Universal Cooking Stove!

The most perfect Gas and Smoke Consuming Stove in the market.

THIS STOVE by an entire reformation of the present mode of combustion, prevents the enormous waste of unconsumed gases and smoke, which it is conceded by the scientific world is made by all Stoves on the old plan.

It produces more heat with much less fuel. It will burn hard Coal, Soft (Bituminous) Coal, or Wood. It feeds itself. It will bake all day without renewing the fire, and has many advantages over all other Cooking Stoves. Patented November 28th, 1871, by C. B. GREGORY. On exhibition and for sale at

THE BRISTOL IRON FOUNDRY.

A Large Variety of Cast and Wrought Iron Fence, from $1.50 to $2.25 Per Foot, put up

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY COMBINED.

Those that are inclined to patronize home industry can be suited in price and quality by calling and seeing for themselves.

BLACKSMITHS TUYERES, TYRE BENDERS, MOULD BOARDS, CELLAR GRATINGS, many other small articles on hand and for sale at low prices.

FINE CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

THOMAS B. HARKINS,
Dorrance Street, Bristol, Pa.

562

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS
IN EVERY VARIETY.

Mill---Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
601 **BRISTOL, PA.**

WILSON RANDALL,

CARRIAGE BUILDER.

No 20 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

780

MRS. WILSON RANDALL'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE.
Goods of all kinds and styles,
At 22 Bath Street, Bristol. 785

E. M. McCONNELL.
AT
Hulmeville, Bucks County, Pa.,
CARRIES ON AN EXTENSIVE
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

Orders for custom work taken, and fit guaranteed. My prices are moderate, and I do GOOD WORK. I have also an OYSTER AND EATING SALOON ATTACHED, where the Best Stews are made. Families supplied. 574

TREES! TREES! TREES!

Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH

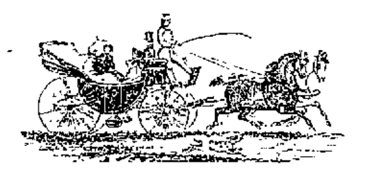
Bartlett and Seckel
Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.

JOHN SHERWOOD & SON.

1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol. 775

STOP!



IT WON'T COST YOU ANYTHING TO STOP AND INSPECT THE **FINE CARRIAGES**

AT ROSE'S FACTORY,
NEWPORTVILLE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.

Second-hand Carriages taken in exchange for new ones. Repairing promptly attended to. 807

RIVER ROAD GREENHOUSES,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

L. N. ROBERTS, **Florist**, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Bristol that he has a large lot of FLOWERS AND BEDDING OUT PLANTS, all very healthy, which he will sell at the lowest prices. His collection comprises all the newest and best old varieties. The public is respectfully solicited to give him a call. The place is opposite the Bristol Water Works, on the Jersey side.

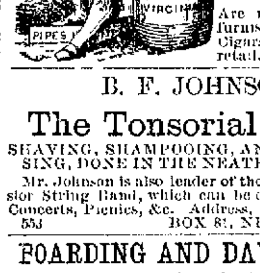
Also, TOMATO, EGG PLANTS, CELERY, CABBAGE, Etc., for sale in their season. 783

I. T. SMITH,
CARPET WEAVER,
No. 90 York St., Burlington, N. J.

I AM the oldest established weaver in Burlington, and my work is equalled by few and surpassed by none. Rag Carpets constantly on hand and for sale wholesale and retail. Highest price given for Carpet Rags. For weaving, 30, 35, 38, 40 and 45c. Wood Stripe, 50, 55, 60, 65c. A good variety on hand and for sale at 50, 55, 60 and 65c. [802

DR. E. E. SMITH'S
SYRUP FOR
COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.

At Stores and Druggists.
591



McEwen & Bennett,
DEALERS IN
TOBACCO
and
CIGARS,
Newportville, Pa.,

Are now prepared to furnish all brands of Cigars wholesale and retail. 791

B. F. JOHNSON,
The Tonsorial Artist.

SHAVING, SHAMPOOING, AND HAIR DRESSING, DONE IN THE NEATEST MANNER.

Mr. Johnson is also leader of the Newtown Excelsior String Band, which can be engaged for Balls, Concerts, Picnics, &c. Address,

553 BOX 81, NEWTOWN, PA.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, - Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week: for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 535

MISS MERRIAM'S
Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.

THE Second Term of Miss Merriam's School begins on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1877. Thoroughly competent teachers have been secured for the different departments of instruction. For circulars, address MISS A. MERRIAM,

715 Bristol, Penn.

SEWING MACHINE NOTICE.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON, Straight Needle, Rotary Hook, Lock Stich are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, dress making, tailoring, shirts, collars, cloaks, skirts, mantillas, hats, caps, boots and shoes, umbrellas, parasols, etc. They work equally well upon woollen, cotton, silk or linen goods, with silk, cotton or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gether, hem, fell, card, braid, bind, and perform every species of sewing, making a perfect stitch, alike on both sides, of the article sewed.

E. M. RICH, Agent,
Bath street, Bristol.

I also REPAIR all kinds of Sewing Machines at short notice. 688

DR. GRIFFITH,
Homœpathic Physician,

IN THE OFFICE OF E. G. HARRISON, MILL

786 STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 10 Wood Street.
504 BRISTOL, PA.

Bristol Mills.

FLOUR, FEED, **LUMBER, COAL, &c.**

ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour

Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed

of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.

Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.

☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.

Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL

at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

PLANING MILL.

Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

SHINGLES

In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

COAL

Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds. well screened and free from slate and dust.

WOOD

Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.

Grain Bought

At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.

361 **ROGERS BROTHERS.**

WRIGHT & HAWKE,
No. 25 BATH STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,

DEALERS IN
COAL under cover,
well screened and picked.

Building Material of all kinds,

Including LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, CHIMNEY TOPS, &c.

Kindling Wood, dry and split ready for use.
Fertilizers constantly on hand.

In connection with the above established trade of Henry M. Wright, we have taken that of

GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED,

And are prepared to fill all orders promptly. 787

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

$500 Challenge.

That I will put on TIN ROOFS as cheap as any one either in Bristol, Trenton, or any Town,

FOR THE SAME QUALITY OF TIN.

TIN ROOFING done for 6½, 7, 7½, 8 and 8½ cts. per foot. All work warranted. Give me one trial and if I don't do justice don't patronize me again—of course not.

STOVES, TIN WARE AND GENERAL JOBBING.

THOMAS BARNARD,
812 **16 & 18 Mill Street, Bristol.**

$40,000 To Loan

In Sums of not less than $2,000 each,
FIRST MORTGAGES ON FARM LAND,
Six Per Cent. Interest.

Apply to **E. G. HARRISON & SON,**

745 Conveyancers, Bristol, Pa.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF JOHN CATTLOW, late of Bristol Borough, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same to present them, without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

MARY J. CATTLOW, Administratrix.

Or her Attorney, ANTHONY SWAIN.
Bristol Borough, May 24, 1877. 822

Philadelphia.

BLYTHE C. ANDREWS,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 110 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia. 572

CHR. PREUGER & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
S. E. Corner Germantown Ave. and Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia.

Parties in want of neat fitting Clothing can do well by calling on this house. My facilities are greater than any Tailoring establishment up town, and prices are lower. 568

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

Rubber Printing Stamps

FOR MARKING CLOTHING AND BOOKS, Printing Envelopes, Cards, Bill Heads, &c., Rubber Dating, Bank and Business Stamps, of every description. Your name with Indelible Ink, box and pads sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. Business Stamps from Two Dollars upwards. Society Stamps a specialty. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

WALSH'S IMPROVED RUBBER HAND STAMP DEPOT,
Charlotte Street corner Girard Avenue, between N. 3d and 4th Streets.

Agents wanted. [614] PHILADELPHIA.

GOTTFRIED BUCHMANN,
LADIES' AND GENTS'
BOOTS AND SHOES,
627 North Eighth Street, above Green, Philadelphia.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

All kinds of fine Shoes made to order at reasonable prices. 423

LOOK!

R. TEMPLEMAN, Merchant Tailor,
(FORMERLY CASTORS),
804 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

Pants, made to order in a first-class style, from $4 to $8, worth $6 to $12. Good Suits of Plaid Cassimere, $17. For $20 we will make a Suit to order which cannot be bought ready-made for that money. Good Spring and Fall Overcoats, $17 to $25. All work done in a first-class manner and a perfect fit guaranteed. Our prices are far below that of ready-made work. 660

A. T. GERIKE,
Wholesale and Retail
Brush Manufacturer,
NO. 321 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Also Dealer in Oil Cloths, Wood, Willow and Tin Ware, and General House Furnishing Goods. 616

HENRY GRAFFELDER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Table Manufacturer,
1111 NORTH THIRD STREET, BELOW GIRARD AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired and Varnished. 628

J. M. SCHWEHM,
PRACTICAL CABINET MAKER,
DEALER IN FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS,
No. 2038 Germantown Avenue, above Norris Street, Philadelphia.

UPHOLSTERING, REPAIRING AND VARNISHING, done at shortest notice. 616

I. PARDO,
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing
ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 607 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Price List.

Pants,	50 cts.	Coats,	75 cts.
Vests,	5 cts.	Overcoats,	$1 00

Repairing and Altering at low prices. 403

The Old Established Stand Revived.

CHARLES WENNER,
Importer and Dealer in
CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,
1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia.

Earthen, Stone and Rock Ware, Lamps, Burners, Chimneys, Wicks, &c. Lamps Repaired.
P. S.—My prices are lower than any China Store in the city. 617

OPENING! OPENING! OPENING!

THE GREAT FAMILY GROCERY STORE,
S. W. Corner Seventh and Girard Avenue, Philadelphia,
BY J. S. LENTZ,

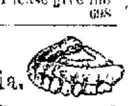
WITH a choice selection of pure staple Groceries, including Preserves of all kinds, together with Jellies, Sauces, Canned Fruits, and all other articles for family use. Your attention is particularly called to our choice brands of Teas, Coffees and Sugars. The lowest price for cash only. Your patronage respectfully solicited. 618

WALN, WHITEMAN & CARPENTER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Cigars,
LEAF TOBACCO OF ALL KINDS,
NO. 210 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 614

B. SMITH,
FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, REPAIRED, VARNISHED,
AND OILED,
Chairs Re-Caned,
No. 209 Diamond Street, Corner Philip Street, Philadelphia.

All country orders promptly attended to.
Always on hand, a stock of Ladies' and Children's ROCKING CHAIRS, very cheap. Please give me call. 698

DR. J. ENTRIKEN,



276 East Cumberland St., Philadelphia.

A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH, from $5 to $8 Per Set, Guaranteed.

Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Gas, 50 cents per tooth.

OLD SETS REPAIRED EQUAL TO NEW.

276 East Cumberland Street, half square from 5th and 6th St. Depot. 51

JEROME LASKOWSKI,
722 Poplar Street, above Franklin, Philadelphia,
Philadelphia Shade Manufactory,
UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

Hair and Spring Mattresses made in the best manner, and Mattings, Carpets and Oil Cloths sewed and laid in the most satisfactory manner and at the lowest prices. BLINDS made and repaired. 450

WILLIAM J. HEISS, JACKSON HEISS, ESTABLISHED 1854. GILBERT W. HAWLK, DAVID G. SCHOLNLY, HENRY F. PATTERSON

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia.
FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

PHILADELPHIA CHAIN WORKS,
North-East Corner Hancock and Putnam Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

PETER WALZER, - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

Manufacturer of all kinds of CHAINS
FOR SUGAR MILLS, MACHINERY, WAGON, HARNESS AND RAILROAD USE. 414

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
Window Glass, Paint, Oil and Varnish Store,
JUST OPENED AT
No. 1752 North Eleventh Street,
(Between Columbia and Montgomery Avenues,) PHILADELPHIA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened at the above place a New Store for the sale of Window Glass of all sizes and qualities; Paints of all kinds, mixed and unmixed; Oils, Varnish, Turpentine and Putty. He would invite the attention of Builders and all others to his stock. By buying and selling for cash he is enabled to offer all articles in his line at the reduced rates of the times. Don't forget the place—1752 North Eleventh Street.

563 **G. W. REYNOLDS.**

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BUTCHERS!

TO OUR

DRAW-CUT SAUSAGE CHOPPERS, SAUSAGE STUFFERS.

MANUFACTURED BY THE MURRAY IRON WORKS, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

JAMES JOHNSON, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, says: "I have used the No. 2 Chopper for two seasons. I have cut 25,000 lbs. of meat for myself, and 5,000 lbs. for other people. I think it does more than claimed in the circular; and if I could not get another like it, no money could buy it. Your Stuffer is perfection."

ISRAEL S. WILLIAMS, Agent for these Machines,
648 **213 Market Street, Philadelphia.**

THEODORE METIUS,
Carpet Manufacturer,
No. 1755 Germantown Avenue, below Montgomery, Philadelphia.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in INGRAIN, VENITIAN AND RAG CARPETS. Window Shades, Oil Cloths and Table Covers always on hand. **Rag Carpets made to order.** 607

MRS. WILLIAM E. CROLIUS,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Cigarettes, and all kinds of Confectionery,
MEALS AT ALL HOURS, OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
BERKS STREET,
678 OPPOSITE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

W. WALLICK,
No. 729 North Second St., Philadelphia,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
French Plate Mirrors and Looking Glasses

OF every description. Window Cornices, Square and Oval Frames for Portraits, Photographs and Oil Paintings; Flower Frames, Etc., Etc. Also Dealer in Oil Paintings, Chromos and Engravings Window and Looking Glass Plates. Re-Gilding done. 629

Bristol.

THE
AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE
SIMPLEST,
MOST DURABLE,
AND
BEST SEWING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD.

MORTON A. WALMSLEY, Agent,
Corner Mill and Radcliffe Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES of all kinds constantly on hand. 806

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company
INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES, &c., &c.,

(No hazardous risks taken)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

Groceries & Provisions.

A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man.

GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts,

Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market. Also a good assortment of Notions, &c., on hand. FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season. 19

JAMES POSTENS,
HAVING LEASED THE
DELAWARE HOUSE,

AND FITTED IT UP WITH A VIEW TO THE COMFORT OF ITS PATRONS, has determined to make this

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE

in every respect, and will receive guests on moderate terms.

Board by the day or week. 569

GEORGE S. STONE & SON,
BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia.)
PLUMBERS,
STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS.

Also, Dealer in Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.

☞ Repair work solicited.

For the present, orders left at the East corner of Wood and Lafayette streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.

Reference: C. W. & J. Peirce. 689

ARTHUR T. COLLINS,
(SUCCESSOR TO HEPWORTH & COLLINS.)
Foot of Market Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,

Lead and Iron Pipes, Pumps, Gas Fixtures, Hydraulic Rams,

And all material connected with the trade, at lowest market prices.

Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. All work guaranteed. 452

HARDWARE
DOWN!

PRICES ON ALL GOODS REDUCED TO THE LOWEST FIGURE. CALL AND SEE.

J. S. THOMAS.

702

New Meat Shop.

"DUKE" DOAN, Proprietor,
(Formerly with Hazel Hibbs.)
Corner Bath and Otter Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 417

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.

☞ Special inducements given cash customers. 28

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,

PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE

of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at

C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 30

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured
INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard.
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 402

Philadelphia.

MEDICAL.

The following are a few more of the many unsolicited certificates testifying to the efficacy as a curative agent of Dr. James Williams' Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir:

P. G. Williams, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I have been so much benefitted by the use of "Dr. Williams' Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir" that I am anxious other sufferers from dyspepsia may learn what a certain and valuable remedy the "Elixir" is. I suffered a long time all the miseries of dyspepsia, and had recourse to all the preparations for its cure without any relief, and I abandoned all hope of ever being better, when at the height of my despair I was induced to use Dr. Williams' Elixir. I did so, and do cheerfully testify to its wonderful efficacy. Though the cure was gradual, it was certainly very efficacious. It is now twenty years since I was cured, and I have not suffered from an attack of dyspepsia since. So convinced am I of the very great merits of the Elixir for the cure of the worst kind of dyspepsia that I have urged a number of my friends, similarly afflicted as myself, to use the "Elixir," which they have done, and by which they have been equally benefitted.

Respectfully yours, &c., J. N. PRICE,
N. W. corner Twelfth and Cherry streets,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21, 1876.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1876.

Dr. James Williams:

DEAR SIR: Deeming it a duty to you and the public, I take great pleasure in giving you the following facts: About ten years ago I was suffering terribly from that fearful disease, dyspepsia. I took several medicines recommended for the cure of dyspepsia, but without effect. I was finally prevailed upon by Mr. Jos. N. Price, of this city, to take your "Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir," which I did, and can safely say it was the only medicine of the many I took that at all gave me relief, and have since been perfectly free from dyspepsia or indigestion. I am never without a bottle of the "Elixir" in the house and would not be, as I find it the best alternative medicine I can get, and I freely say to all sufferers, Give it a trial. If this will prove of any use to you, use it. Respectfully yours, &c.,

ISAAC EDERMAN, Carpenter and Builder. Shop, 208 Kelton street, residence, 212 Madison street, Philadelphia. Office and laboratory, No. 7 North Tenth street above Market, Philadelphia. Treatise on Dyspepsia sent free. No charge for consultation. L. A. HOGUET, Agent,
594 Bristol, Pa.

REGISTER'S LINIMENT.

For Man or Beast.

The Great External Remedy.

THIS Liniment is warranted to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Contusions, Headache, Chilblains, Gout, &c., &c. There is no Ache, Pain, Sore, Swelling, Injury, &c. to man or animal it will not cure. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants everywhere. 25 & 50 cents a bottle. Laboratory, 5 l South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

Trade Mark Registered. 568

For sale by LOUIS A. HOGUET, Nos. 13 and 15 Mill St., and JOS. PARKER, 63 Mill St., Bristol.

ATTENTION

Farmers and Dealers.

Consult your own interest and buy the original GENUINE

CUCUMBER PUMPS,

Made by skillful workmen, and the cheapest in the market. Don't buy elsewhere until you have examined our full stock of

Pumps, Pipe and Linings.

Particular attention paid to fitting up so as they can be put together without the aid of a skilled workmen.

WOOD, CULBERTSON & PRESSLY,
233 Market Street, Philada.

Factory at Sheffield, Warren Co. Pa. 580

CUCUMBER
PUMP COMPANY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in
CUCUMBER
WOOD PUMPS,
AND
WOODEN
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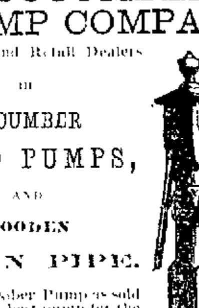

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